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THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY WEEKLY PERIODICAL---Devoted to Literature, Science, Domestic and Foreign News, Mechanics, Agriculture, Education, Finance, Amusements, &c.---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper, Philada.

STROZZI'S TESTAMENT.

BY LEWIS LEWELLEN.

[Filippo Strozzi, arrested for conspiring against the Medici Rulers of Florence, being informed that he would be subjected to torture to extort a confession of the names of his associates, killed himself in the dungeon, to avoid the danger of implicating the innocent. His Testament, steeped in his blood, was dedicated to God, the Deliverer.]

The Rack! the Torture! I have never shrank
From danger, nor fear'd death, whether it came
In the long threat'ning storm, when navies sank,
Or the swift blow of conflict's fatal flame,
Or the dire Plague of Death, another name;
But these assail my soul, and wrench my heart
As lightning bolts rend gnarled oaks apart.
The threat subdues me with a hellish thrill,
Each nerve is shudd'ring with convulsive ache;
To these how kind were block and headsman fell,
And down-nursed slumbers were the burning stake!
Oh! rather, Tyranny, your rage excel
On my vex'd frame---so I may silent die,
Wrench out my tongue, and mock my jibbering agony,
I dare not bear them.. Manhood overthrown,
Pain would hiss falsehood through my faded lips,
Staining my word for faith and honor known.
A dreadful horror o'er my senses creeps,
As when the nerves the stolid surgeon strips,
Giddy and faint, my low, unconscious words
Would yield the honest to the Tyrant's swords,
Fixing a Traitor's curse upon my name.
And I must die to shun such awful guilt!
My blood attests I am alone to blame
For striving 'gainst the wrongs by Florence felt;
And thus I take the penalty and shame.
And, conquest of my cowardice achieved,
To God, the one Deliverer, my wretched soul I leave!

OUR ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

"LINDEN HALL,"

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER---PHILADA.

BY M. A. EDWARDS.

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CHAPTER I.

In the very heart of a New England forest stands a great shaggy black rock, which throws distorted shadows far over the pleasant green sward. Black Rock is well known to the youths and maidens of the village of Sydney, for around it the moss is softer and greener than elsewhere, the woods are deeper, and a cool stream of water bubbles forth from its rocky sides.

This was my almost daily resort in the warm and pleasant weather, and the evening of my sixteenth birth-day found me seated on a mossy ledge of the rock. The soft, dreamy, delicious light of an October sunset lay quivering upon the gay-colored forest trees, and all was still and peaceful. But, alas! on that day I had received my first disappointment in life, and therefore felt moody and miserable. How well I can recall the thoughts---half childish, half womanly---that were floating through my mind.

I thought of my lover---for I had a lover---a handsome youth, named Willie Clyde, and I had thought, until that day, that there never was any one so good and so true. But he had gone to Europe, two months before, to enter college, and I was to have received a letter long ere this; but none had come, although I eagerly watched for it. I certainly expected he would remember my birth-day, and write, so that I might receive it at that time; but the mail had arrived and brought no letter from Willie. And so I was disconsolate on my sixteenth birth-day, and, sitting by Black Rock, I thought how fickle men were, and that Willie was no better than the rest. And then my pride arose, and I thought how, one day, I would make Willie ashamed of having neglected and despised my love. For was I not wealthy? And when I had "come out," could I not become the leader of the fashion, the admired of all? Certainly, what was there to prevent? And when Willie returned and sued for my favor, how I would repulse him!

Here my meditations were interrupted, and the sound of crushing leaves broke upon the stillness of the forest. A man was walking slowly towards me, following the windings of the narrow pathway which wound around the Rock. I was rather startled to observe that he was a perfect stranger to me, for I knew every inhabitant of our little village. His bent form and scanty gray locks showed that he had long since passed the prime of life. His clear, bright blue eye was rolling and vacant; his face was haggard and furrowed; his garments soiled and threadbare; and his whole appearance indicated that he had taken a long journey. He walked unsteadily, frequently stopping to gather handfuls of dried leaves. These he would crush with his fingers, and then throwing their dust in the air, would again pursue his course, muttering constantly to himself. This singular behavior excited my fears, and I was just congratulating myself that he had not observed me, when a sudden turn in the path revealed my presence to him. Never shall I forget the instant transformation of his countenance. His eye, but now so wandering and vacant, became earnest and piercing as he looked upon me. A deadly paleness overspread his face.

"What are you doing here?" he shrieked, in terrified accents. "This is not the place to torture me! I never harmed you here!"

Alarmed at this strange address, I sprang from my seat, and was about to fly, but a strong grasp on my arm prevented me. I screamed and struggled to free myself, but he quietly dropped my arm, and said, in a gentle tone:

"You may go, poor child; I only wished to see if you were flesh and blood. I thought you were a ghost---yes, a ghost," he softly repeated, as he stooped down, gathered the dry leaves and brushed them in his hand.

His last words changed the current of my thoughts. They showed that his mind was wandering, and, forgetting my fears, I felt an irresistible desire to draw this singular old man into conversation, and, if possible, learn something of him. I said to him, soothingly:

"There are no such things as ghosts."

He looked up quickly. His eye was again vacant and wandering, but his glance softened somewhat as he replied:

"Ah, yes; the world is full of them! There is nothing left in it now but ghosts."

"But they never come in the bright sunshine," said I, pointing to the golden light which lay all around us.

He shook his head mournfully.

"There are more then than at any other time. The bright sunshine makes the deep shadows. See! they are flitting all around me. I cannot look at the sunshine, for the shadows make all dark."

As he said this, he leaned wearily against a tree. There was a long pause. I felt strangely interested in this old man.

"Are you going far?" I asked.

At this question he roused from the reverie into which he had fallen.

"Yes," he said quickly, "a very long journey. I go to visit the dead, and they live very, very far from this land." Then, gazing at me earnestly, he continued, "You are very young," then, pointing to the beautiful bright-colored leaves, he added, "Do you see *them?* They are emblems of your hopes and joys; but, look here!" he exclaimed, gathering a handful of dry leaves, "you will live to see them all withered like these, and then the slightest pressure will destroy them, and they will lie before you nothing but dust and ashes."

He threw the crushed leaves at my feet and turned to depart, but, after walking a few steps, he looked back, and said slowly and solemnly:

"To-morrow's sunlight will bring the ghosts to visit you. They will not leave at your bidding, and hereafter you will see the shadows deepen around you. Will it make you happier then that the sun shines to others?"

With these strange words the old man left me, and I watched him as he walked unsteadily down the narrow pathway, crushing the dry leaves and murmuring to himself.

I walked home in the dim twilight, forgetful of Willie Clyde, thinking of the old man, and wondering what great and terrible sorrows had converted this beautiful earth into an abode of ghosts and shadows.

And thus ended my sixteenth birth-day.

CHAPTER II.

What a flood of glorious sunlight streamed into my window as I threw open the shutters. That was a lovely prospect from my east window---so quiet and peaceful. The village green lay just before me. Around it were the neat white houses, all of them exactly alike; three stone steps leading up to a green door, with two windows each side of it, and five windows in the second story; sloping, lead-colored roofs; front yards three feet deep, planted with periwinkles and verbenas. Then, at a little distance among the trees were the quaint-gabled brown and red New England farm-houses; and still further in the distance you could discern the dark waters of the bay, and now and then catch a sparkle of a wave as it leaped in the air; or, if you felt dreamily inclined, you might watch the white sails glimmering against the blue sky. And, on that autumn morning, the whole scene glowed brightly in the sunlight.

I love the sunlight. It is a happiness to me to see the bright rays leaping here and there, now glancing among the trees, and now sleeping on a rose leaf. I like to watch the beams that lie on the carpet growing longer and longer as the sun walks up the sky, and it makes me sad to see them shorter when the day draws to a close. I hate the modern fashion of darkening rooms, and shutting out one of the most glorious things that God has made. Such were some of the thoughts which crowded into my mind the morning after my sixteenth birth-day, as I sat by my open window, with a heart full of the joy of existence.

But, after a time, the odor of coffee and buckwheat cakes, which stole up stairs and through the cracks of the door, reached me and recalled me from the contemplation of the works of nature to those of art. I descended to the breakfast room. Its only occupant was Mrs. Wilson. Dear Mrs. Wilson! how sweetly she looked in her gray mousseline dress, white neckerchief, and clean cap, under which gleamed her silvery bands of hair. How distinctly I can see her now, with her gentle, motherly expression, her clear complexion, her soft hazel eyes and winning smile. In my childish days I used to fancy that she was an angel---one of those ministering spirits I read about in my little Bible. Perhaps it was not mere childish fancy. She is one of God's angels now.

But, to go back to that autumn morning. She sat at the table, her head resting on her hand, and with an unusual expression of sadness on her face. I stepped softly up to her, threw my arms around her neck and wished her good morning.

"You are the last one, as usual, my dear," she said, smiling. "You are a sad loiterer. Have you been dreaming of Willie Clyde?"

"No indeed, aunty; I have not thought of him this morning; he is not worthy of a thought."

"And yet, only three short months ago, I heard you say that your life was bound up in his, and that nothing could ever make you distrust him, or think harshly of him."

"Oh, aunty, pray do not remember all my silly speeches. Willie has evidently forgotten me."

"No doubt of it. He has been gone *two months.*"

"He has written to his mother during that time."

"Which was very wrong. He ought most certainly to have written to you first."

"You are laughing at me, aunty. He might at least have written to me at the same time."

"Well, my love, I will let him plead his own excuse, for here is a letter from him. Why! what sparkling eyes! Just now he was not worth a thought. Here are other letters for you," she added, more gravely, "from your father and brother."

I was leaving the room with my letters, when Mrs. Wilson gently detained me, and, stroking my curls, as she used to do when I was a child, said, tenderly:

"You have led a very happy life, my child."

"Yes, thanks to you, dear aunty, I have been very happy."

"But I cannot always shield you from trouble, my dear. *That* will come to all, sooner or later. But do not forget, Serena, that I am always ready to help you bear it. Now go, read your letters, and may God bless you!"

Somewhat awed by these last words, I went quietly up to my own room to enjoy my precious letters. My father's must be read first, thought I, as I broke the seal; but just then my glance fell upon Willie's bold, boyish handwriting, and, eagerly seizing his letter, I tore open the envelope, and read:

"MY DEAR LITTLE WIFE:---That is to be, I mean. I wish I was in our prim old village, walking up Carter's Lane with you, and looking into your sweet blue eyes. No, I don't, but I wish you were here, sitting in this great armchair, with your long curls sweeping across my cheek. I should like very much to have you here. This is a glorious old place. Not the town, for that is 'grand, gloomy and peculiar;' nor the colleges either, for that matter, for they are as old and musty as the professors' brains---but we have such grand times here. Of course we study very hard, and all that, but we manage to have 'lots of fun,' as we used to say at school. These German students are a jolly set of fellows, if they do have square heads. The women are frights, with their round faces and saucer eyes.

"If you were here, you would write in glowing strains about the 'vine-clad hills,' 'the glorious Rhine,' 'the lofty cathedrals,' etc.; but you know all that is not in my line.

"I can only write a few lines to-day, for I must attend a boat-race on the river. Large sums have been bet upon our side, but you need say nothing about this to the 'old folks.' They can never be made to understand these things. I shall write you a very long letter by the next steamer.

"And now, my darling Serena, you must write to me very often. If there is anything in the world that will keep me from utter destruction, it is your letters. The very whisper of your name makes me good and happy for a whole day. Serena is the sweetest and dearest name in the world.

"Present my respects to good Mrs. Wilson. I love her for permitting me to write to you. Farewell, my love, and do not forget,

"Your ever devoted

WILLIE."

"And is that all?" I exclaimed, with a sigh. I believe some dim perception was then struggling into my heart that Willie's love was no exactly such as I needed---but I do not know; perhaps it was only a vague sense of disappointment that I experienced. I took up my father's letter,

"MY VERY DEAR DAUGHTER:---Your last letter was received by yesterday's mail. I need not assure you how very welcome it was. Your letters are the greatest comfort of my old age. It has always been a pleasure to me to write to my darling child, but now it is a painful duty. How can I tell you the sorrowful tidings, and yet I have already kept them from you too long. Serena, I am almost a beggar! I have sustained heavy and repeated losses, misfortunes have multiplied around me, and ruin seems staring me in the face. I fear I shall be obliged to sell my home---the home of my ancestors for several generations---and go forth in my old age to seek another. And yet, for myself I care but little. I think of my children. I had hoped to surround *them* with all the advantages of wealth, but that is now impossible. Still I hope to save enough from the wreck to enable us to live humbly, and, I trust, happily. To you I look for comfort. I know you will not give yourself to useless repinings. To your brother I look to take care of you when I am gone. I will write to him to-day. He will now be compelled to leave college, but he has fine talents, and, one day, we will all be proud of him. I feel thankful that the Almighty, in taking away my treasures, has left me the greatest of all---my children."

The letter dropped from my hands. My poor father! I thought, it will break his heart. And Gerald, my dear brother, but he will surely think of something to do. He will help our father in this extremity. I looked into his letter for comfort for both of us. It was a mere scrawl.

"MY DARLING SISTER:---You are the only person in the world to whom I can write this note. I cannot go away and not tell you. I have not time to write particulars, but I am in disgrace. An affair occurred, a few days since, in which I am implicated. The faculty are determined to make a strict investigation, and I know how it will end. I cannot remain to be expelled, neither can I go to my father in disgrace, for I know how fondly he looks forward to my graduating with honor. My doom is sealed. I shall never be good for anything. I sail to-morrow for distant lands. It will be of no use to say where. When I can say anything good about myself I will write. In the meantime try to forget your erring but devoted

"BROTHER."

This letter bore the same date as my father's. Oh! if he had but waited a few days longer! Why need he have been so rash! Until that moment I had thought my brother faultless. Many an hour had I wasted building air castles for his future glory. He was so handsome, high-spirited and talented; so much admired, and beloved, and praised by every one. I was proud of him, and looked forward to his playing a distinguished part in life. And this was the end of it all.

I thought of the old man and his withered leaves---naught but dust and ashes. Verily the ghosts of buried hopes came trooping forth from their graves, and the shadows began to shut out the sunlight.

CHAPTER III.

I was born on the sandy banks of the Savannah, in sunny Georgia, but I had only a faint recollection of my childhood home. My mother died when I was eight years old, leaving two young children, for my brother was but two years older than myself. My father was sorely puzzled what to do with us. He disliked exceedingly to place us at boarding-schools while we were so young; and, on the other hand, he had no near relatives to come forward and offer to take charge of us. A northern friend advised him to place us with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. They lived in a pleasant secluded New England village, where there were excellent schools. This idea pleased my father. He had a high opinion of New England industry and independence, and was very desirous that his children should be reared with such habits. He carried us to Sydney, therefore, and spent some time there, and was charmed with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and with their pleasant and simple manner of living. They had no children, and readily undertook the care of the motherless little ones. Never was trust more faithfully fulfilled. Although we never gave to Mrs. Wilson the sacred name of mother, yet we rendered her that love and reverence we owed her for her watchful and motherly care of us. Three years after our arrival at Sydney, Mr. Wilson died, and Mrs. Wilson centred all her affections upon us. She often spoke with dread of the time when we should return to our Southern home. For myself, I looked forward to that period with the greatest impatience. I did not think for an instant of parting with my kind old friend. I knew well that I could persuade her to accompany me. I longed to mingle with the world. I intended to make a splendid debut, and my highest ambition was to be a queen in the empire of fashion. My father visited us every summer, and indulged me in every whim and caprice. I had no opposition to fear from him in my schemes. Indeed, everything seemed to favor this brilliant, butterfly life until my father's misfortunes changed the current of my dreams and my thoughts.

At present, however, after reading my letters, I did not pause to think, but sought Mrs. Wilson in her own room. The traces of tears were on her cheek, but she gave me one of her bright and loving smiles as I seated myself on the ottoman at her feet.

"I see, dear aunty, that you know all," I said.

"Yes, my love, your father wrote me a somewhat detailed account of his embarrassments. He is not without hope that he may save some of his property."

"Oh! aunty, I am not grieving over the loss of property. Where has my brother gone?"

"My poor, dear boy!" exclaimed the old lady, when she had read my brother's note. "He always had exaggerated ideas of honor. Professor M---- has written to me that he much regrets Gerald's hasty departure from college, for he was only indirectly implicated in the affair, and the Professor thinks all might have been satisfactorily settled, if Gerald had been less precipitate."

"But where do you think he is now? Can we not send and bring him back to us?"

"He has already sailed---probably on some long voyage. He was always fond of adventure. We may not see him again for years."

"Oh! aunty, do not say that."

"We must look at things as they are, my dear. But still we can hope that something has delayed the vessel in which he was to sail. Your father has heard the sad news ere this, and you may be sure he will do all that can be done. In the meantime, my child, let us remember, for our comfort, that, wherever he may be, he is in the hands of the Almighty, and we can at least pray for him."

"It is very hard to bear, aunty. How much we will miss him *now.*"

"That is true, Serena. His bright and sunny temper would cheer us all very much; and his strong young arms would be a great support to you and your father. But we must not forget what your father says about useless repinings."

"My poor father! I think I ought to go to him, aunty."

"I think he will send for you soon. Go now and write to him. He needs comfort in this double calamity that has fallen upon him."

A few weeks more than realized our worst fears. We could gain no tidings of my brother. My father sacrificed his entire property to the demands of his creditors; but grief, anxiety and fatigue, combined, brought on a fever, which terminated his life in a few hours.

Then followed months of utter, hopeless wretchedness to me. In vain my kind friend endeavored to arouse me to some degree of energy. I could not fix my mind on any object or pursuit. Life itself seemed only an illusion, and the past, and even the present, seemed as dim and shadowy as the future.

CHAPTER IV.

June came with its soft breezes, clear skies and beautiful flowers, and tempted me forth to take long rambles; but they were lonely ones. I sought not my young companions; I had no sympathy with their light-hearted mirth; henceforth they were to me as though I had known them not. But these walks did me good. They roused me from the lethargy into which I had fallen, and I began, after a time, to "see things as they were," to use good Mrs. Wilson's expression. I frequently went to Black Rock, but not to weep over imaginary sorrows, or to build air-castles. With a determined will and firm hand, I tore down all those I had been so long and zealously building, and then tried to look destiny boldly in the face, and prepare myself for the stern realities of life.

I wrote to Willie Clyde, releasing him from his engagement. I did not assign any reason for this act. I knew his family had apprised him of my changed circumstances. I received no reply to this letter---I expected none. I buried my childish love, and shed no tear over its grave. I had detached myself from my companions; my brother was gone; my father was dead. Thus had been severed every tie that linked me to happiness---all save one---the love of Mrs. Wilson, and to that I clung the closer as the others fell from me.

In the long twilight of a June day, lying under the green trees, I pondered upon all these things; and then asked myself the question---what next? Ah! it was not without a pang that I answered that question. It was very evident I must do something---but what?

If one could only live without money, but I would not be a burden to any one. I had a fancy (as all young girls have) to turn my attention to literature, but this idea was soon abandoned. I well knew that I was no genius, and I had a holy horror of literary ladies, whom I always associated with very deep blue stockings, much in need of darning; shoes down at the heel; uncombed hair; and inky fingers.

Well, look which way I might, there was but one employment in which I could engage. I tried to get rid of the idea, but it recurred to me again and again. I must *teach.* But here again I met with difficulties. I sung and played with more taste than skill, for, having a good ear, I had paid but little attention to the science of music, and was consequently unfit to give lessons in it. My studies had been chiefly the ornamental branches of education, and now I found that the things I had neglected were the very ones which, as a teacher, it was absolutely necessary for me to know. It was plain, then, I must begin at the lowest round of the ladder, but begin somewhere I must and would. I felt relieved after I had come to this conclusion, and had something definite and tangible to occupy my thoughts.

The twilight had deepened into night during my meditations, and the stars were shining as I left the forest and entered a shady lane, bordered with wild roses. I know not what there was in this calm and beautiful scene to remind me of the old man and his withered leaves, but I recalled the whole of my strange conversation with him. I looked for the withered leaves---they were nowhere to be seen. The springing grass and fragrant flowers only told where they had been. This was the first gleam of light that had brightened my pathway for many a day.

This quiet green lane led to a farm-house of a bright red color, two stories high in front, and with a roof sloping back until the eaves were but a few feet from the ground. In this curious edifice dwelt the oldest inhabitant of the village. Mrs. Reed, or "Aunt Mirandy," as she was familiarly called, was in her ninetieth year, and in such strong and vigorous health that, for aught any one could see, she was likely to live ninety years longer. She was very illiterate, having been to school when "folks didn't set much store by book larnin;" but still she was so cheerful and good-tempered, and took such an interest in the young, that she was a universal favorite in the village. I was charged with a message from Mrs. Wilson to this worthy personage. I found her seated on the front porch. Having delivered my message, I turned to depart, but the old lady was not to be treated in that style. She spoke quickly:

"Now, Sereny, do stay a little while. I want you to see Ellen. She has just got hum from boardin' school."

I excused myself on account of the lateness of the hour, but the old lady was almost as deaf as her high-backed arm-chair; and, in my endeavors to make her hear, I screamed so loudly that I brought Ellen herself to the door. There was now no help for it. I remained listening to Ellen's conversation with as much patience as I could command. We were old schoolmates, but, during the past year, Ellen had been to a large boarding-school in a neighboring city to "finish off." As far as I could judge of Miss Ellen's account of herself, her principal studies had been dress and beaux; and the accomplishments of which she seemed most proud were the unblushing effrontery with which she broke the rules of the school, and the success she met with in cheating her teachers. In the midst of a constant stream of talk about cross teachers, and French flowers, and churches, and handsome young men, and splendid jewels, and her dear friends that she was "dying to see," and the latest fashions, all jumbled together in the wildest confusion, a thought suddenly struck me. I stopped her running fire of words.

"Did you not say that the youngest teacher had left the school?"

"Yes, Mary Grey. And I guess the girls are all glad enough. I despised her."

I inwardly thought this was complimentary to Miss Mary Grey, but I only inquired if she were young.

"About your age, I should think."

"She taught the little girls, I suppose?"

"Yes, and Professor Bland thinks there is not her equal in the world. She controlled her scholars admirably."

"Do you know whether she had any time for study?"

"Oh, yes, she was always poring over books. She was in some of my classes, and used to look daggers at me if I spoke a word."

"Has Professor Bland supplied her place?"

"He had not when I left---but why do you ask? Have you any idea of applying for the situation?" And Ellen laughed merrily at what she deemed a good joke.

"A friend of mine is very desirous to obtain such a situation," said I, blushing as if I were doing some guilty thing. "I think she would like this school."

At this word old Mrs. Reed caught fire.

"Yes," she said, "Ellen has been to a fine school. Gals has such advantages now-a-days. They larn to jabber all sorts o' forrin' tongues, and finefy the English so much that I don't know what they are a sayin' no more than if they talked Hebrew. And now my grand-dater Ellen has brought home more books than there were in the hull State of Massachusetts in my day. Why, when I went to school, we didn't have no books but the Bible, and 'Rithmetic, and D'worth's Spelling Book; and we never went no further in 'Rithmetic than the Rule of Four. Your grandfather, Ellen, was a fine scholar for them days, and when he came a courtin' he used to read Latin by way of amusing me. You see his mother was a Parsons, and they was all larned people, and they were connected with the Buells---let me see---how was it?"

Here I took advantage of a pause, and having obtained from Ellen Professor Bland's address, I left the old lady bewildered among the Parsons and Buells, and returned home.

"Well, aunty," said I, entering the little parlor, where she was sitting, "I have at last found something to do."

"What do you mean, my child?" said the good lady, pleased at my unwonted animation.

"I mean that I intend to work for myself."

"You cannot do that, Serena. It is impossible."

"We cannot tell, dear aunty, what we can do until we try. I have an idea it is very possible. Don't you think I can teach little children arithmetic and spelling?"

"Then you intend to teach?"

"Ellen Reed has told me of a situation at Professor Bland's, which I have no doubt I can obtain through the recommendation of my teachers. If I cannot, I will find some other."

"But, Serena, you have not thought seriously of it. You do not know how to govern children."

"I can learn."

"But you are so very young."

"I shall grow older every day."

"What would your father say, Serena?"

"That I was doing perfectly right in fulfilling my duty."

"And your brother, what will he think?"

"He has no right to think anything about it, as he is not here to advise me."

"You little know the toils, trials and vexations of such a life."

"I have thought of them all, dear aunty. Do not try to dissuade me from my purpose. I feel that it is right. We must look at things as they are, you know, aunty. I am poor and must support myself."

"Stay with me, my dear child. This has always been your home."

"And it ever shall be, my dear friend. Here I shall often come, and share with you my joys and sorrows, as I have always done. But your little property you hold in trust for your nephew, and I cannot live on his bounty. You see, aunty, I have right on my side."

"It may be so, Serena, but I cannot bear to part with my darling child. It was sad when I thought of your leaving me to go to your father's house, and be surrounded with wealth and happiness, and now---"

"I have often heard you say that wealth cannot confer happiness. Do give me leave to go, dear aunty."

"Well, my love, you must do as you think right."

"Thank you, aunty. And now I have another request to make. Will you send for your nephew and his wife to live with you? I cannot leave you entirely alone."

"I have often thought of writing for them, Serena, and will do so if you wish it; but they can never fill your place, my child. Do not think it."

"I do not wish it; I am too selfish for that. Your love is my greatest earthly comfort. I shall be only thirty miles from you, and will come and visit you very, very often. I shall have a great deal to tell you, and we will enjoy many a laugh at my school experiences. So, everything is settled"

"Yes, it is all settled but, Serena, are you *happy* that it is thus settled?"

"You have always taught me, dear aunty, that happiness is found in the path of duty."

"You are a brave, good girl, Serena. May God bless you and shield you from harm! Poor child! poor child!" she murmured, as she drew my head to her bosom, and softly stroked my curls, while the tears dropped slowly down her cheek. I lay there very quiet until she grew calmer, and then, bidding her good night with a cheerful smile, I went to my room, where I cried myself to sleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

AMY LEIGH.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLA. NEWSPAPER---PHILADA.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

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[CONCLUDED.]

"Oh, Maggie, I'm jus as glad as I can be!" and Amy ran down the steps of the back porch and grasped the hands of a pretty black-eyed girl, sitting upon a hors.

"Are they here, Amy?" she asked, tightening the reins of her restive pony.

"O, yes; they've been here three days. Philip says---"

"Hush---"

"Do introduce me, Amy, that I may show my gallantry a little!" and Philip came out smilingly, and descended the steps.

"I shall do no such thing; just as if you didn't know each others names and all about each other."

"Well, Miss Graham, as much as it shocks my sense of propriety, shall be obliged to assist you to alight without an introduction."

"What a lamentable state of affairs!" laughed the merry girl, her black eyes sparkling with mischief, and, leaping to the ground before Philip could possibly assist her, ran up the steps, leaving him to look to her horse in the utmost suspense.

"How pretty your new habit is, Maggie," said Amy, after introducing her to Alice, and entering the sitting-rom. "And how fortunate that you happened to come just now; we were getting ready for a ride down to the lake."

"Were you? Then guess I wont take off my habit," she replied, conscious of its looking very becoming.

"I brought my halt with me this time," said Alice, as they wet up to Amy's room to fix."

"What a sweet little gipsy she is, though!" thought Philip Moore, as Maggie merrily challenged him to a race with a wave of her brown little hand and a glance of her laughing eyes Alice and Amy came slowly after them, taking in the beauty of the gorgeous afternoon. September had just put on her golden crown and ruby jewels in honor of the feast of the year; the mellow sunshine fell like a benediction upon the heads of the great old trees, upon the sleeping fields, and upon the blue bit of lake just visible through the hazy atmosphere.

"Alice, have you seen Guy Mirvan since last fall?" Amy asked it softly and fearful. There was a proud look in Alice's face as she answered:

"No; and I pray God to keep him from my sight; I am very thankful that he did not love me, Amy. Philip has told me of several things, of late, that I know would have ruined my peace forever if I had married him; and do forgive me, Amy, for I was out of my reason, I think, but I heard every word of that interview he had with you the day Mr. Bernard left."

"Alice!"

"Yes, it was very wrong, I know, but it was best, I think, for every spark of love for him died out of my heart that morning, and I do believe, Amy, that Guy Mirvan laid a plot for the destruction of my peace and Earle Bernard's, before Earle left Boston that morning, and that was why---"

"Hush, Alice!" Amy lifted her face, pale and proud. "We wont speak of that now; let's overtake Philip and Maggie."

"See here, my dear cousin," cried Alice to Philip, as he went slowly before them; "don't be talking your nonsense so suspiciously close to Miss Grahame---do you hear?" Maggie turned her head with an arch smile.

"What do you think, Amy, Miss Hawthorne? A certain young gentleman, late from Europe, says he prefers a country girl to a court beauty!"

"There, now!" tapping her cheek with his riding whip. "I knew a woman could never keep anything to herself."

Alice enjoyed his evident confusion greatly.

"I never saw you blush before, Philip," she called to him.

"And so Walter called on you while he was in Boston?" Amy said.

"Yes, he called three times while he was in town."

"Indeed! and never told me a word about it. I haven't seen him but once, though. Here we are, and there's Aunt Lucy in the door," nodding smilingly to her.

"What are you thinking of, Philip?" cried Amy. "Helping Maggie to dismount when you've never been introduced?" But Philip was very heedlessly listening to Maggie's chatter.

There was a fluttering color on the cheeks of Alice as she went up the walk with Amy and met Walter Leigh at the door, and certainly the earnest smile that beamed from under the brim of his straw hat had more truth and beauty in it than is often contained in a smile. Fine-looking fellow, if he is a trifle countrified, thought Philip as he took the proffered hand.

And such a glorious time as they had down at the lake! A boat-ride was proposed, but to their dismay the boat would hold but four at the most. Walter very politely gave up his place.

"But we mustn't leave you here alone upon the shore, Walter," said Maggie.

"I propose that Alice be excluded from this boat-ride," said Philip, with mischievous gravity.

"Oh, won't that be capital!" and Maggie clapped her little hands merrily.

"Just the thing! come, Alice, get out," and Alice was very unceremoniously hustled out by roguish Philip, heedless of her blushes and protestations.

"Now, don't go to making love to her, Walter," said Amy, "and you shall have a ride all to yourselves when we get back." Amy noted the timid happiness in his face.

Alice took off her heavy riding hat, and Walter hung it upon a branch of one of the grand old trees which overhung the water. It came about strangely enough, but in the silence of that fair afternoon, while the boat was skimming the farther edge of the lake, walking to and fro beneath the oaken boughs, Alice Hawthorne promised to be the wife of Walter Leigh. There was no thought of worldly wealth or station in Alice's heart when she put her hand trustingly in his, saying, "I promise;" she only saw and loved the true nobility of the man, and she shuddered as she thought of the dark days when Guy Mirvan's face, like the face of a beautiful tempter, had raised such a war in her soul, and Walter Leigh, who had always been so painfully timid in her presence, grew very brave in the strength of his love, and said to her just what any true, honest man would have said to the one with whom they wished to walk through life, not shrinkingly as a slave, but truthfully, earnestly, and in the honest faith and uprightness of his manhood.

Walter and Alice were playfully rallied by Philip and the girls on their return.

"How supremely happy you look, Allie; I do believe he's been saying something to you."

"What in the world was that you were saying to her that made her blush so, when we were coming round the cove, Walter?"

But Walter stood it all manfully, his blushing timidity all gone; and, with a great happiness in his face, he took the cluster of lilies which Amy had brought for Alice, and they went slowly up the footpath, winding among the trees, leading to the house.

That night, after Maggie Grahame's black eyes had closed in sleep to dream of Philip Moore, Alice waked Amy with a whisper, saying, "Get up, Amy, and go with me to the window out in the hall, I want to tell you something;" and there, with her head upon Amy's shoulder, and looking up at the September stars, Alice told Amy the story that the leaves of the oaken boughs heard, and whispered to each other, down by the lake that afternoon; and Amy, kissing her solemnly, said, "I thank God, Alice, that He has brought you to this great joy. Do you remember once, at the time of your great trial, of almost doubting the infinite wisdom of His purposes?"

"He has been very merciful to me, Amy. Surely goodness and mercy hath followed me all the days of my life!"

June had come, her fair hands fresher with flowers, and her sweet face brighter with smiles than ever. There were busy hearts and hands, and heads, at the Hawthorne's, for at the closing of June Alice Hawthorne was to bury forever her maidenhood and take upon her the holy name of wife. Merry, chattering little Maggie Grahame was there, flitting from room to room like a bird, advising and passing her opinion upon the weighty matters, white lace and dimity, as if she was the oracle of fashion. She was wild with pleasure at the shopping excursions, in which Philip figured very conspicuously, almost forgetting his bounden duty to the bride elect in his devotion to little Maggie Grahame.

Amy sat sewing one afternoon in the cozy little boudoir at the end of the parlors, and Philip was reading to her from a volume of Gerald Massey's poems, when a bird-like laugh came floating down to them, and with a "Just look here, Philip, Amy," Maggie came waltzing down the long parlors in the magnificent orange wreath and bridal veil, which had just been sent home, daintily holding up the corners of the costly fabric, which nearly touched the floor upon her *petite* figure.

"Wouldn't she make a perfect little angel of a bride, though," exclaimed Philip.

"Oh, yes! and with this crimson dress on, of course."

"Well, to be sure, I meant with a bridal dress and all. Do get married, Maggie, that I may see what a charming little bride you would make."

"I'm going to before long," with a merry twinkle under her drooping eyelids.

"What's that; going to be married?"

"Why to be sure; didn't you know it? But, dear me, you needn't look so ferocious! It was coming off this summer, you see; but I put it off on Walter's account," and she gave a sly sidelong glance at Philip through the meshes of her veil, though apparently examining Amy's work. "Well, I must go back with this, or Alice will scold," and she fluttered out, turning back, however, to ask, "What is it a sign of, Amy, to put on a bridal veil?"

"That you are going to receive an offer very soon."

"Oh, fudge!" and the little maiden ran out with a laugh.

Philip laid down his book, went out into the parlor, looked out of each window, ran his fingers over the keys of the piano, walked three times across the room, then entered the little boudoir where Amy was sitting, and standing before her, looked at her needlework in silence for a time.

"Amy."

"What is it, Philip?"

"Do you believe that Maggie is really engaged?"

"Engaged! of course not!"

His face brightened.

"Are you sure?"

"Very sure. She hasn't a secret from me---and didn't you see the mischief in her eyes?"

"No, the demure little kitten!" and with this he picked up his book and resumed his reading.

"Amy, Amy!" Philip cried one morning, entering the great hall door, "who do you think is in town?"

Amy stopped short at the foot of the stairs, as she was about to ascend.

"I couldn't begin to think," with the cold look of earnest wonder.

"Why, Earle Bernard. But how strange you look, Amy; and, did you ever hear anything like it? he thought you married!"

Amy stood still and speechless.

"And to whom, do you think? Why Guy Mirvan! I never was so astonished in all my life, nor he either, I guess, for he never answered me one straight question after I told him. I tell you what, Amy, I believe that rascal of a Mirvan is at the bottom of all this, and if he's made trouble between you and Earle Bernard, he shall pay dear for it, if I ever get my eyes upon him again; that's so! I always thought there was something about it ever since the day they both left so suddenly, and I told him so."

"Oh, Philip! you didn't tell him that---that I---"

"No, only that; I've almost prevailed upon him to be groomsman---what Alice was wishing yesterday, you know---you and Earle, and Maggie and I---it would be just the thing; he's coming up here this evening, after settling business down town. Oh! here's a letter for you, from your father, I guess."

Amy caught the letter and ran up stairs, and if Willis Leigh could have looked in at the room door he would have been shocked at the undutiful manner in which Amy threw the letter upon the writing desk, and herself upon the sofa, hiding her face in the velvet cushions and with her hands clasped tightly over her eyes.

That evening, Amy, standing at the head of the staircase, holding her breath and peering down into the darkness, saw Earle Bernard, standing at the parlor door, with the same pleasant voice and smile as of old, as he greeted the group from the parlor under the great light in the vestibule, with the same courteous bend of the head as he clasped the hands of Mrs. Hawthorne and Alice, but with a sadness in his dark eyes, softening down the smiles about his mouth. She saw this as the light fell directly upon his face as he turned to leave his hat, and when, a few moments later, Alice came gliding into the darkened room and found Amy upon the sofa, "almost asleep," Alice thought, Amy begged to be excused, "My head does ache so terribly, Alice."

"Have I found you at last, Amy Leigh?"

Amy had reached the foot of the stairs, and looking up, saw Earle Bernard coming out of the library toward her, holding out both his hands as he spoke.

Amy placed her hands in his, lifting her eyes overrunning with a timid joy, and her face, upon which a great happiness fell like a benediction, until it was "like unto the face of an angel."

"At last!" she whispered under her breath.

"And you have remembered me kindly, Amy, all this weary time, while I have been teaching my heart to forget you." The words were full of tenderness as he spoke them.

"Forget me?"

"Yes; it would have been wrong to have remembered you, as *I* have remembered you, Amy Leigh, when you belonged to another, would it not?"

"And Guy Mirvan did all this? May God forgive him, as I do!"

"Amen!"

He led her into the library, and seating her in the arm-chair in the bay window, he seated himself on an ottoman just before her, and told her the story he would have told her two years before, sitting in the same spot and with the same earnest face just before him, but for the entrance of the young man Guy Mirvan, and Amy, with the blushes flitting in and out of her cheeks, told him of the weary days and months which had brought no pleasant hopes for the future, but only a

"Hope that was fled, a joy that was dead."

Earle Bernard heard all this, so like the story of his life for the past two years, and, taking the little hands that lay folded in

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, January 2, 1861.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA DECLARATION.

Of all the documents which the history of our country has produced, none is so humiliating, in every point of view, as the South Carolina Declaration of Independence. As, in that State, they have seen fit to abolish the 4th of July, as a holiday, they might, at least, have let the Declaration of Independence, which it commemorated, alone, and not have turned it into burlesque as they have. Perhaps, however, nothing will so fully convince themselves, ten years hence, of the folly of what has here been attempted as the perusal of this very document compared with the facts of the case.

In the ordinance of 1776, "a decent respect" was recognized as due to the opinions of mankind, and the reasons *preceded* the Declaration. But here this precedent is reversed purposely, and as if to insult public opinion by an indecent disregard of it, the ordinance is passed *first* and the justification is made up afterwards. The meaning of this is, that South Carolina claims the right to secede *at pleasure and without any reason*, as she asserted in 1832, if it thinks it would be for her own interest. Hence she speaks of "resuming" her independence, as if it followed, as a matter of course and of right, that everything which a convention of the people could do, they could undo at pleasure. This is the feather end of the devil's wedge. Once admit that, and any State, and all the States or people, can make no compact worth a straw. It would apply to individuals as well. Divorce at pleasure would follow as an inevitable result; indeed, divorce at the pleasure of *either party*. A man might, with just as much reason, marry some beautiful heiress, and when he had got all her property and her beauty pleased him no longer, or he thought he could do better in a new alliance, he might pass an ordinance that *he has "determined to resume his separate state,"* and leave wife and children to get along as they could. There are many contracts that never can be undone by the simple consent even of *both* the parties that make them, and this of nationality is one of them. But that it can be effected by the simple repeal on the part of *one* of the two is so absurd that, while the right is taken for granted, other reasons are carefully put forth.

All the comfort the seceders can get from the Declaration of Independence is, that "when any form of government becomes destructive of *the ends for which it is established*," the people have a right to alter it. This is not a right of revolution at *pleasure*. The reason given must be sufficient to justify it. The burden of proof lies on those who make the assertion of wrong, and the wrong must be clearly proved in the face of the whole world.

So, at last, it is conceded that the mode of the formation of the Constitution of the Government subjects it to the law of compact. Granted. Hence, the seceders say, "the failure of one of the contracting parties releases the other." Does *every* failure, to comply with every prescribed part, do so? If so, indeed, no State has so often broken through the requirements of the Constitution as South Carolina, and yet we apprehend no sound jurist would agree, that if an English fleet or a Jamaica army of blacks were about to make a descent on Charleston, the President had a right to withdraw the troops from Fort Moultrie, and leave the State to a hostile attack or the dangers of insurrection.

But "the ends for which this Government was instituted have been defeated." That is not a fact. Even the protection of slavery, the most unpopular and difficult of all these ends, and the one on which they build everything, the census tables and the speeches of South Carolinians show to have been accomplished by the Government in spite of any opposition in the free States to a really wonderful extent. Look at facts. In 1790 there were but 697,897 slaves, now it is boasted that they are increasing at the rate of 32 per cent. in ten years, and number four millions and a quarter, and this while the increase of the free colored population is "nothing at all," as the census shows. At this moment there are, probably, far more fugitives in the Southern than the Northern States. Individuals may screen individuals, but all that is as nothing statistically to the *great ends* of protection. It is really wonderful that so much has been done with the largest slave State adjoining our own Pennsylvania. No slave has ever fled from South Carolina without passing through at least as much Southern Territory as Northern before reaching Canada.

But the Northern States, it is said, have passed unconstitutional acts. This too, if so, was provided for in the Constitution, and all *anticipated*; and it was arranged that all such laws should be *ipso facto* null and void, when so pronounced by the United States Courts. Now, as the South has never complained of the Judges of these courts, their complaints all resolve themselves at last into this, that, after the 4th of March next, "the guarantees of the Constitution *will* no longer exist." This we all know to be simply absurd. But it is, at least, admitted here that the "forms of the Constitution" have been observed, and that it is only what "*will be*," and not anything that has been, that must justify their course. Groundless fears, and not any overt unconstitutional acts or failure of the *ends* of the Constitution, are their final justification.

"A fool is known by the opening of his mouth." Had the seceders given *no* reasons, they would have appeared in a far more respectable position. But beginning by insulting the opinions of mankind and the Declaration of Independence, they have ended by a lame and miserable apology far worse than no defence at all. The whole thing is so supremely ridiculous that it seems impossible that it should not fall to pieces of itself.

THE SECESSION MOVEMENT.

Events seem rapidly approaching a crisis in South Carolina. Whether the secessionists in council there intend to precipitate a collision with the Federal Government or not, the direction that their action, as an independent sovereignty, is taking must lead to that issue. The purpose of making an assault upon the U. S. forts seems to be uppermost with some of the seceders, and it seems difficult to restrain them. In the Convention, a motion has been introduced to take forcible possession of them immediately. In anticipation of the hostile assumptions by the State Convention, the United States Officer in command of the fortresses in the harbor has placed himself in the best possible position to perform his duty to the General Government. He has removed his command from Fort Moultrie, where it was subject to attack, to Fort Sumter, which commands the harbor, and is a work of great strength, and possibly able to resist any attempt to take it on the part of the misguided secessionists, who are rapidly rushing on their fate. We infer from this movement that the Executive is determined to act according to the principles of action he laid down in his recent message; not to recognize any act of secession, and to defend the property of the General Government from attack and its laws from violation. This is his duty, and this much the people of the country have a right to demand of him.

We hear persons deprecate this movement in Charleston harbor as a menace to South Carolina and an act likely to lead to bloodshed. The responsibity of such a collision will not then rest with the Federal Government. South Carolina has been menacing the Government for some time. Its act of secession was a menace, for it openly repudiated the authority of the Government, and resolved to maintain its independence by force of arms if necessary. Every act since has been in the same direction, leading nearer to open hostility. This is lawless menace, which the Government has forborne to treat as rebellion till it comes to open resistance to the operation of the laws.

The State that feels menaced when lawful authority is exercised, is contemplating some lawless act which will put it in conflict with that authority. It means to defy the Government and to destroy its power. And with this intention prompting, collision is sure to come, whether invited by menace on the part of the Federal Government, or urged by the designs of the politicians who are concocting treason in Charleston. The forts and armories of the United States are the property of the whole people. The Government of the United States is entrusted with their care and safety. They are subject entirely to the control of the Executive power acting under the Constitution and the Acts of Congress. No right exists in any State to say how this property shall be occupied. The Government may abandon the forts entirely, or send additional troops to occupy them. If this is to be a menace, it can only be so to conspirators who are aiming to destroy the Government. If they mean nothing unlawful, then any occupation of its own property, by the Government, can do them no harm, for the Government will not meddle with them so long as they respect the Federal laws. If they do mean to commit unlawful acts, then that intention is the best evidence of the propriety of the Government ordering Fort Sumter to be occupied. And if they are unwise enough to take up arms against the rights of the people of the United States, they must be prepared for the terrible consequences. The Government must maintain its own lawful authority at all hazards.

THE CENSUS OF MARYLAND.—The total amount of the population of Maryland by the census returns just taken is 731,565, an increase of 148,531 in ten years. The decrease in the number of slaves is 4926, the total number of slaves being about 112,936.

THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC SOLD TO SPAIN.—A letter from Porto Plata, dated Nov. 10th, states that the little republic there, known as Dominica, has been sold to Spain.

AMBITION often plays the wrestler's trick of raising a man up merely to throw him down.

THE CAPITAL.

It seems that Messrs. Lincoln and Hamlin have both received anonymous letters, threatening violent opposition to their inauguration on the 4th of March, and the Richmond Enquirer very coolly proposes for the States of Virginia and Maryland to secede and prepare a force to capture the capital of the United States, and not suffer Lincoln to be inaugurated. Is any one so foolish as to forget that one object in locating the capital of the United States at Washington was that the land, being ceded to the United States, and surrounded with States supposed to be particularly favorable to moderation and the Union and central to all parts, the Government would be able to protect itself from mobs and molestations of whatever character.

If there is the slightest danger of disturbances at Washington, the ultimate result will be, and before any very distant day, the removal of the seat of Government. The people of Washington will find, indeed they well know, that all disturbances of the public tranquility must pull down the value of real estate more rapidly than any other cause. But in Washington any such liability would simply lead to the transfer of the capital to some place of unquestionable security. At this time everything betokens the augmentation of the power of the West. It is the West that will settle this secession controversy. For years the centre of population has been gravitating in that direction further and further, and there is no doubt that any such incendiary attempts as have been indicated would, in the first place, bring down hosts of armed men from the whole of the Northwest, whose revenge would lay waste Virginia, should they prove, as they must, from the sheer force of numbers, eventually successful. In the meantime, and in case of any reverse, instant attempts would be made to remove the seat of government westward.

This would be an obvious result, and, although most disastrous to the unity of the country, its immediate effects would be to render Washington itself, with all its magnificent public buildings, a waste, howling wilderness. As for its becoming the capital of a Southern Republic, even supposing secession were so successfully accomplished, and supposing it to embrace the whole of the slave States, that would be impossible and absurd. Situated so close to the borders of Pennsylvania and of the free States, how long would it be before a dozen John Browns would capture it, if the capital of a Southern Republic?

The people of Washington must and will all unite to put down disunion and *all disturbances of the public peace* at Washington. The preservation of law and order is vital to the interests of that city, even more than to those of the whole country. The secession of South Carolina, or even of the whole of the cotton States, would, so long as order and good government can be preserved in Washington, only strengthen the conservative feeling that would continue the Capital at Washington, a city which now begins to inspire the historic feeling of regard. The removal of the seat of government from old Rome to new Constantinople resulted in the ultimate division of the empire into Eastern and Western. A removal of the Capitol from Washington westward might be attended with similar results eventually, and therefore it ought to be opposed, and all causes tending to such a result. Nothing will ever do it but the folly and wickedness of conspirators against the public peace and Constitution. But the Mayor of Washington, and all property holders and good citizens, are bound by every consideration, and at every cost, to preserve order and put down even the slightest fear of disorder and confusion.

NAPOLEON'S LIBERALITY.

Without warning and without any demand or even request from the French nation, without even a hint of it beforehand in any of the legislative assemblies or administrative bureaus, Napoleon III has made some formal decrees, which are heralded and announced to the people as amounting to a liberty of the French press equal to that of England, and a liberty of debate of the same nature. Supposing these decrees to mean just what the most sanguine Frenchman considers it possible they may signify, the question still occurs, why they are granted at this particular time? In England each reform is battled against as long as possible, and it has to force and fight its way, first into notice and then into adoption. But when once it is adopted, it is clearly, definitely and in good faith adopted; so that, step by step, the reforms made improve the country and are never lost. But in France, reforms the most radical are announced suddenly and unexpectedly, and changes the most vital and constitutional are made by a decree of half a dozen lines, ta be revoked by half a dozen more, should it ever appear for the interests of the country or the crown. In the present case it is said that Napoleon uttered his intentions to grant this greater liberty of press and speech, in broken sentences, taked down by a secretary, in the presence of a most astonished Council of State, and sent off to the Moniteur, so roughly and loosely worded as to be extremely hard to interpret clearly. But the *cui bono?* For what purpose this sudden resolve of Napoleon? He often acts rapidly, and does the last thing in the world expected of him, but never without a good motive. Here the motive would seem to be this: Napoleon's course in Italian matters has alienated from him the Roman Catholic clergy, and he has seriously resolved to withdraw from the support of the Pope in Rome, and play Henry VIII's game, of reducing the bishop and clergy to a state of dependence upon himself, instead of the Pope. Indeed, if the Pope will not resign his temporal power to Victor Emmanuel before spring, for a pension, Napoleon will withdraw his troop and let the Pope slide. All this may involve a very serious rupture with the religious scruples and feelings of a large and influential class. So Napoleon prepares beforehand by the concession of the right to vote an annual address, and, to think, that they have liberty of speech and of journalism such as exists in this country and in England. The public journals are pretty well tamed and weeded out, and it is even better to bear a few unpleasant truths than not be sufficiently popular just now, to overcome all the effects of the attacks which the next six months may bring upon him from the clergy of France. But closely examined, it will be found that these apparent concessions are so smokily worded as to mean anything or nothing in the way of liberty, as they may be construed by the executive or administrative powers. Nothing could be more vague. Napoleon does not withdraw the right to notify, or eventually crush a newspaper that he considers dangerous to the public peace or welfare, and the right to vote an annual address may be very important or no right at all, according to what the address may contain.

ONE OF THE REASONS.

Among other reasons for revolution put forth in the appeal of South Carolina, is that the Southern cities do not grow as fast as the Northern ones, and that Charleston has lost all her foreign trade and no longer builds ships for Europe. This cause of wrong to South Carolina the North can scarcely be held accountable for, inasmuch as it has nothing to do with the geographical distribution of cities or the causes which affect their growth. If Charleston could place herself as near Europe as New York is, and would expend as much money as the latter has in opening avenues to the interior to command the trade of the country, she would have no reason to complain of the loss of her foreign trade. But so long as foreign goods can be shipped to New York, and distributed by railroad all over the United States, before they can reach the port of Charleston, it is not very likely that Charleston will ever deprive New York of its foreign trade. Philadelphia has much more reason to complain, in this respect, than Charleston. New York has taken away nearly all the foreign commerce of Philadelphia, but instead of seceding from the Union, Philadelphia has given her industry a new direction, and grows rapidly in population and wealth. Nor is it true that Southern cities are declining in their wealth and population. New Orleans has increased both. Her population in the last ten years has increased 47 per cent., which is considerably more than the increase of Philadelphia or Boston. Baltimore has increased in population 27 per cent., Richmond city 37 per cent. Charleston is the only city South or North which has a less population to-day than ten years ago. The western cities, which are cut off from the benefits of foreign trade, are the greatest gainers of any in population and the means of increasing their wealth. Chicago gains in population 265 per cent., and Nashville gains 133, Louisville gains 74, proving that it is the geographical situation, as well as the enterprise of the people, which contributes to the increase of cities.

REBELLION IN A NEW PLACE.

The people of Charleston, in seizing upon the Government armory, seems to have infected the people of Pittsburg with the bad example. The Government sent an order for some arms to the Pittsburg armory, where some self-constituted authorities disputed the order, and resolved that the arms should not go. The pretext for this resistance to the Government was that the arms were to supply the Southern Secessionists, a presumption founded upon the idea that the Government is unfaithful to its obligations of duty, and that a few persons in Pittsburg have the right to sit in judgment upon its acts, and determine when its orders are proper to execute. As the orders are given in conformity to the acts of Congress, who say what forts shall be built, and make special appropriations for supplying them with their armament, the people of Pittsburg have taken a responsibility upon themselves which brings them in direct conflict with the lawmaking power. This is the invariable effect of indecision or lack of resolution in treating with insurrection or rebellion against the laws. One act of resistance to lawful authority overlooked or temporized with invites to others, for government ceases to be respected, so soon as it shows a lack of power or inclination to enforce its own rights.

MEASURES OF PACIFICATION.

Mr. Crittenden's proposition to extend the Missouri Compromise line to the Pacific, though rejected in the Congressional committee of the Senate, finds favor with the public. The people of the country are sick of the negro slavery discussion in Congress and in the partisan newspapers. They would gladly get rid of the whole subject at almost any compromise which would forever take it out of Congress and leave it to the natural laws, which eventually must decide the question of slavery or no slavery in new Territories. Nothing less than the total withdrawal of this subject from Congress will ever restore peace to the country, no matter what present compromise may be made. It must be placed beyond any one's power to revive the subject in our National Councils, or use it for partisan purposes in Presidential campaigns. The peace and prosperity of more than thirty millions of people are now in jeopardy on account of an abstraction which, when it comes to be a practical reality, will be decided by the people themselves according to the existing wants of the times and the requirements of the country. At present, these Territories are barren wastes, and it will be many years before they will become occupied. If civil war takes place among us, the day will be still more remote. With peace and continued prosperity, they will be settled according to the natural laws which regulate the emigration and the industry of the country, and, settled in this way, they will be disposed of to the best advantage of the country. Mr. Crittenden's proposition to extend the Missouri Compromise line to the Pacific, or the other proposition, to divide all the Territories into two great States, one North and one South, would take the subject out of Congress, especially if the coming into the Union of any new State was made dependent upon the proclamation of the President merely, on proof of possessing the required population, and not upon any action of Congress. The people are looking anxiously for some peaceful remedy for the present dangers which threaten the country. They are firmly attached to the Union, as the best safeguard of their political rights, but are not disposed to allow their patriotic feelings to be used for the purpose of perpetuating injustice to any of the States of the Union. Fair and honorable compromise is what is demanded by them—nothing more—nothing less. Those who obstruct this should consider the responsibility they incur. The interests of more than thirty millions of people are not to be trifled with for any mere partisan or sectional purpose. Some pacific measure like Mr. Crittenden's would render powerless any attempt at secession for the sole purpose of breaking up the Union, which is the avowed purpose of at least one of the States.

If such a measure cannot receive the required majority in Congressional Committee, why should not a majority of both Houses of Congress pass it at once into a law for the present, and send it to the people of the various States to be ratified or rejected by them as a Constitutional amendment, on some specified day fixed by Congress? This would unite all the friends of the Union over the whole country, into one great co-operating party, and having so noble an object in view to animate their work, as the perpetuation of the Union and the permanence of our present political institutions, we believe it would be irresistible. The extreme Republicans would have to yield or else lose their hold upon power. There is no other principle upon which they could be half so sucessfully combatted as this. The people are now aware of the mischiefs of the slavery agitation, and would settle it by their votes, if it is ever to be settled by public opinion and fair compromise. The South would be protected in its equality while the measure existed as a law of Congress, and if it should fail with the people, it would give the Southern States so much more time to concert proper measures of resistance, instead of sending them in a hurried and unprepared state out of the Union, and for reasons which will not justify them before the world.

Since the above was written, we are advised by our telegraphic despatches, received late last night, that Mr. Crittenden proposes to go before Congress to-day in the way suggested above, for the approval of his proposition. We know not the details of his plan, but if he fixes an early day upon which all the States shall vote at the same time upon his propositions, we believe that his plan of adjustment will save the Union in its integrity, and prevent a bloody and civil war.

SOUTH CAROLINA FINANCES.

South Carolina as a State has in years past managed her finances well. She has never had a large revenue, or a large debt, or heavy expenses. Her custom house has fallen a hundred thousand dollars a year short of paying its expenses, and the Post-office two or three more. But these have been paid by the United States. Forts have been built and garrisoned by the same purse, and now that South Carolina seems determined to cut herself loose from the United States, the question is naturally asked where is the money to come from? Some have considered that it will cost them some ten millions of dollars a year, besides first outlays for ships and guns to maintain their assumed sphere, should no other inconvenience be felt.

Her first experiments show rather more of the prudence of the serpent, than the harmlessness of the dove. She proposes to let the Collector retain his post in the Custom House for the present, and clear vessels for sea according to the United States laws, though under the State Government, so that their papers may be regular and the ships not seized as pirates. Also, to let the Postmasters continue to act as they have been accustomed in regard to the mails, so that this branch of the service may not be suspended, as it would be by their resignation. But at the same time, it is proposed that these officers be all sworn to obey the laws of South Carolina, one of which is to be that they shall deposit all the funds collected by them in the bank of the State of South Carolina, and subject to the government of that State till further orders.

It seems to have been quite overlooked that these officers have all been sworn as a condition of entering upon their offices to be faithful to the Constitution and laws of the United States. Any man who will swear two oaths deliberately, in opposition to each other, may swear as many more as he pleases, but no man will give a button for his oath. This action will be guided by his own interest. We know this is rather thoughtlessness than bad intention. But the demoralizing tendency of the whole system is none the less on that account. We know that Commissioners are now in Washington to arrange this very matter, and compromise it all right, provided they can do so upon their own terms. But suppose they cannot? How then? Why in such case these officers will have paid the money to the wrong party by a deliberate, though perhaps unconsidered, violation of their oath, and the United States will lose while South Carolina will have obtained both the money and the use of the mail and protection of the United States by inducing these officers to swear falsely.

The corruption of this leaven will work rapidly. These officers will end by putting money into their own pockets. This has already begun, in fact, to the tune of almost a million of dollars, in the case of Goddard Bailey, entrusted with Indian affairs. $330,000 have been made away with by him. This young man ought, indeed, never to have been trusted with access to any such sums. His family was, indeed, one of the most respected in South Carolina, and his father, the son-in-law of the late Mr. Goddard, was Attorney General for many years of the State. He himself was connected with one of the most respectable families of Georgia by his marriage, and a man of quite respectable fortune originally. Whether he considered it all fair to spoil the Egyptians now that South Carolina is making her exodus from the Union, we do not know. But no one seems to know what has become of the $870,000. It can hardly be supposed that the highest officials are thus filling their own pockets or sending aid to seceding parties. However, when such men are held only on $3000 bail, what can we think but that gross carelessness prevails even in the holding as a witness in so small a sum. The subsequent re-arrest, however, and the demand for increased bail, reflect high credit on the officers of the government.

VERMONT PERSONAL LIBERTY LAW.

The Boston Evening Journal (Republican) learns from Vermont that there is a strong feeling in favor of a repeal of the Personal Liberty law of that State, and adds: The Commissioners to whom the matter was referred at the recent session will, it is said, advise a repeal, and Governor Fairbanks favors their action. Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, has publicly declared himself in favor of the Personal Liberty bill of that State. The principal reason secession finds so many advocates in the South is a very general feeling in that quarter that the people of the Northern States regard them with hatred, and that this feeling will lead to aggression upon their rights. The Northern States have it in their power to relieve the Southern mind of this apprehension, by repealing all hostile legislation. To do this requires no concession. It is simply an act of duty, and justice to themselves requires this act at their hands. Besides putting themselves right, it will be the first practical proof that the people of the North are not moved by feelings of enmity towards those of the South, and will not abuse power to their injury when lawfully in possession of it.

THE NEW POST-OFFICE AND COURT HOUSES.—The Secretary of the Treasury has announced that sealed proposals will be received till the 22d of February next, for the construction of the new Philadelphia Post-office and Court Houses on Chesnut street, according to plans and specifications prepared by the department. When completed, this improvement will not only be an additional embellishment to Chesnut street, but it will be an accommodation to the public long needed, on a site convenient to all the other public offices and places of business, and central to public travel and general business.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE PROCEEDINGS.

On *Wednesday*, Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, offered a joint resolution in favor of holding a Convention to amend the constitution. It was referred to the Select Committee of Thirteen. Mr. Wilson introduced a bill providing for the more effectual suppression of the slave trade. The bill for the admission of Kansas was taken up, and Mr. Nicholson, of Tenn., made a speech on the perilous condition of the country. He argued that any resort to force by the Government against South Carolina was equivalent to a declaration of war against that State. He was followed by Mr. Doolittle, who was of opinion that if Kansas was admitted into the Union it would do more to bring peace to the country than anything else. The bill was made the special order for Monday. Mr. Davis offered a resolution, which he had already proposed in the Special Committee of Thirteen, with the view of having it printed. It provides that amendments be made to the Constitution declaring that property in slaves be recognized as such and stand on the same footing in all federal and constitutional relations as any other species of property; that such property shall not be subject to be impaired by any local law in any State, and that in no case shall such property be impaired in any State or Territory. It was ordered to be printed. The Senate adjourned.

On *Thursday* Territoria business was the order of the day in the Senate, the measure immediately under consideration being a bill reported from the Committee on Territories, to provide for a Territorial Government for Arizona. Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, wished to have a section added for the protection of slave property. Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, desired that the law in force when the Territory was annexed to this country be continued until it shall become a State. Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, made a long speech, in which he reviewed the whole question of Slavery, and the trouble which it has brought upon the country; defended the Republican party from the attacks which had been made upon it, and corrected false impresions in reference to its policy; showing from Mr. Lincoln's record that he had no desire or intention to infringe upon any right possessed by the South under the Constitution, which is the supreme law of the land. Mr. Doolittle was followed by Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, and the bill under consideration was further discussed by Mr. Green, of Missouri, Mr. Mason, of Virginia, and others, and without taking a vote the Sennte adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On *Wednesday* a letter signed by Messrs. McQueen, Bonham, Boyce and Ashmore, members from South Carolina, was read, in which they say they avail themselves of the earliest opportunity since the official intelligence of making known that the people of South Carolina, in their sovereign capacity, have resumed the powers which they had heretofore delegated to the General Government, and thus dissolved their (the signers') connection with the House of Represenatives. The Speaker has directed that the names of the above mentioned gentlemen be retained on the roll, thus not recognizing their act of secession from the House. The Secretary of the Interior sent in a communication respecting the defalcation in his department, asking that a committee be appointed to investigate the affair. A committee of five was accordingly appointed, with full power to send for persons and papers. The Diplomatic and Consular Appropiation bill was passed, and the Army Appropriation bill was reported and referred. Mr. Cochrane, of New York, introduced resolutions reviving the Missouri Compromise line, and declaring that any attempt to coerce a State would be to levy war and precipitate a revolution. As the House evidently did not desire to come to a vote upon the proposition, Mr. Cochrane withdrew it.

On *Thursday* most of the session was spent in the discussion of a question of privilege. Mr. Stevens, of Washington Territory, wished to make a personal explanation in reference to a despatch which had appeared in a Boston and a New York paper, implicating the Central Breckinridge Committee, of which he is Chairman, in the robbery of the Indian Trust Fund in the Interior Department—alleging that the funds had been used to further the interests of Mr. Breckinridge in the late Presidential campaign. It was objected that, according to a previous decision of the Speaker, the explanation could not be heard. Mr. Stevens, however, was finally allowed to proceed, and denounced the despatch as untrue and malicious. Mr. Morris, of Illinois, Chairman of the Special Committee appointed to investigate the defalcation, offered a resolution empowering the Committee to sit elsewhere than in Washington, should circumstances require it, and, after some opposition, it was passed. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Indian Appropriation bill, but it becoming apparent that a quorum could not be maintained, it was thought best to adjourn until Monday.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The mails by the Canada reached New York on Wednesday. The most important part of the news is the account of the sacking of the Imperial Palace at Peking by the Anglo-French army. It seems that an immense amount of valuable property was destroyed, but the value of the booty secured was inconsiderable. It was all sold at auction, and though objects of vertu, vases and ornaments of all kinds brought high prices, they only realized in all $2,000. This is exclusive of the treasures, some $60,000, which was found in the Imperial Palace and divided on the spot among the troops. It is announced upon authority in the London Post, that France and England have resolved to insist on the immediate departure of Francis II from Gaeta, in order to prevent the further effusion of blood. The steamship City of Manchester, from Liverpool on the 12th, brings $38,000 in specie.

We have news of the arrival of the steam-frigate Niagara, having the Japanese Embassy on board, at Hong Kong. She reached there on the 22d of October, after a passage of nearly twelve days from Batavia. All on board were in good health. She was to leave on the 30th for Yeddo, where she was expected to remain ten days, and would return to Hong Kong about the 1st of December to take on board the American Minister to China, Mr. Ward, who would proceed in her as far as Aden on his return to the United States. Mr. Ward had paid a visit to the Niagara, and was received with distinguished honor. It was understood that on the arrival of the Embassy at Yeddo, an extraordinary demonstration of welcome was to be made by the Japanese.

Six Days Later.—Dates to the 21st.

By the steamship North America we learn that the sales of cotton for the week were 133,000 bales, a an advance of ⅛d., the market closing buoyant. Breadstuffs were firm and provisions quit.

The negotiations for the evacuation of Gaeta having failed, the bombardment would re-commence on the 9th.

A despatch from St. Petersburg, says: The English prisonrs, Dornnean, Barclay and Anderson, and three French officers had been massacred by the Chinese. The information is given as certain.

The rate of liscount at the Stock Exchange is 4 per cent., with an active demand.

AMERICAN STOCKS.—The following sales are reported:—Illinois Central 28 per cent. discount; Erie Railroad 28 a 34¼; Consols 93 for account.

HAYTI AND LIBERIA.

Many of our colored people are going to a new land, and makehomes for themselves. This is a wise conclusion. Thirty or forty are preparing to leave this city, in a short time, for Hayti, and a like number are expected to embark next Spring. These parties include several of the refugees from South Carolina lately come among us. Upwards of one hundred have departed for Liberia, from various portions of Pennsylvania, within the last few months, and there are now rising eighty applicants, not including four families, in Allegheny county, who express their purpose to join the citizens of the young African Republic, by the packet of May I, 1861. Those for Hayti are provided only with a fre passage. The settler of Liberia is furnishednot merely thus, but with comfortable subsistence on the voyage, and six months' suppot, house-room and attendance after arrival. Liberia also presents a wider and more inviting field for the enterprise of the race, while it has greater advantages in its religion, language and intelligent republicanism. Treasures of otton, coffee, sugar, tobacco, palm oil, dyes, barbaric gems and gold," exist all over Africa and seek her own and foreign merchants by te Senegal, Gambia, Niger and the Zambesi. Settlements of civilized colored men along the east are an effectual preventative of the in famous slave trade, while they spread the arts and furnish living ideas of government, commerc and capacity. The friends of African colonization are engaged in a great work—the elevation of a continent by settlements compose of those who are only two or three generations removed from it. The Colonization Society has not the ability to meet its own pressing clims, while its constitution restricts its fund and efforts to "the colonization on the Coast of Africa, with their own consent, of such people of color of the United States, who are now free, and of such others as by the laws of the several States, or the humanity of their proprietors, may hereafter be emancipated."

MR. LINCOLN'S CABINET.—Mr. Lincoln seems disposed to sooth the present sectional irritation by offring places in his cabinet to such men as Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, and Robert T. Scott, of Virginia. Whether these gentlemen accept the offer or not, it being made to them indicates that Mr. Lincoln is full aware of the state of public feeling, and to necessity of satisfying the Southern mind that the Republican party intend no aggressions.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

LETTER FROM NEBRASKA.

OMAHA CITY, NEBRASKA TERRITORY, December 14th, 1860.

The Lower House of the Territorial Legislature has passed a bill to "prohibit slavery" in this Territory, by the decisive vote of 35 to 2. It will doubtless be passed by the Council and become a law.

A similar bill was passed by the former Legislature, but was vetoed by Governor Black, and it not having sufficient supporters to pass it over the veto, the squatters of this sovereignty have been compelled to endure the burdens of *imaginary* slavery until now.

It is supposed that the Governor will not veto the present bill, as it will doubtless be passed in both branches by a two-third vote, but that he will allow it to become a law without his signature.

The conservative members endeavored to have final action upon the bill deferred until later in the session, viewing its passage at this time, as an act calculated still further to inflame the South, defeat all efforts of conciliation, and render more certain disunion—but the motion to postpone was lost. Yeas 10, nays 25. J. E.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

AN OLIGARCHY.—The State of South Carolina contains 29,967 plantations, containing 4,072,551 acres of improved and 12,145,049 acres of unimproved land, valued at $82,431,684—averaging to each 541 acres.

The government is based on the constitution of 1790 and the amendments added to it at various periods. The right to vote requires a freehold of 50 acres, in ordinary cases. The Legislature is elected annually. A Senator must be thirty years old, a resident citizen five years, and if resident in the district, must own a freehold worth £300, if non-resident worth £1000. Representatives must have resided in the State three years; if resident in the district, must own a freehold of 500 acres and 10 negroes, or real estate worth £150; if non resident, must own real estate £500. The Governor is chosen by the Legislature, and must have resided in the State ten years, and be possessed of a settled estate worth £1500. The Lieutenant-Governor is chosen and must be qualified in a like manner.

The people do not vote directly for Governor or for President.

There is no middle class in South Carolina; the population consists (ont of the towns, which are but few) of planters and a sort of peasantry.

The delegates to the Legislature are frequently elected by a dozen voters, (large landholders,) and the affair is not uncommonly settled at the dinner-table.

Trade is considered as not exactly suitable to a gentleman. Merchants (retail) are called "shop-keepers," and are not upon a social equality with the planters.—*Norfolk Herald.*

GOV. HICKS OF MARYLAND WILL REFUSES TO CONVENE THE LEGISLATURE.—The committee appointed at the town meeting, on Saturday evening last, consisting of Wm. H. DeCourcy Wright, Wm. H. Ryan, and Thos. C. Jenkins, Esqs., and the Hon. Chief Justice Legrand, waited on the Governor, on Monday night, and urged upon him the strongest reasons for convoking the Legislature without further delay, but he refused to yield his opinion as to the necessity for so doing, declaring that it was his purpose to await the action of Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia. Until their Legislatures acted, he was opposed to calling the Maryland Legislature, and was unwilling to promise that he would *if in any event.* The decision of that question he reserved for the future. He is still in correspondence with the executive officers of the States named. The Governor expressed his disapproval of the action of South Carolina, as precipitate, and stated that he was opposed to secession.

EXECUTIONS IN ALABAMA FOR ATTEMPTING A SERVILE INSURRECTION.—The Montgomery Mail publishes the particulars of the execution, at Pine Level, Montgomery county, Ala., on the 16th instant, of four persons convicted of attempting to create a servile rebellion. The letter says:—"One white man and four negroes were hung. The white man's name was Rolter, and was proved guilty by his brother, who was arrested with him, but who afterward cleared himself by confessing his brother's guilt. One of the negroes belonged to Mr. Allen Frasier, one to Mr. Terry, and one to the Wright estate, and the other is a ditcher, whose master resides in Montgomery. That the plot is deeply laid, and of considerable extent, is undoubtedly true. New revelations are being made daily, and other white men have an awful doom awaiting them.

THE TELEGRAPH INVENTOR AS AN ARTIST.—Long before Samuel Findlay Breese Morse began to dream of electro-telegraphy, he was an accomplished artist. How beautifully does Leslie allude to him in his interesting autobiography! Yes, Professor Morse was the pupil of West, and was the companion of Leslie, Irving, Allston, and others, in busy, plodding London. The City Hall (that building which came near "departing this life" at the celebration of the "completion" of the submarine telegraphic cable) contains one of the best portraits of Lafayette ever painted. This is from the easel of Professor Morse. His very title of "Professor" comes from the fact that he was the appointed Professor of Fine Arts at the foundation of the New York University.

SENTENCE OF DR. WICKHAM IN NEW JERSEY.—On Wednesday morning, Judge Whelpley sentenced Dr. Wickham, who was recently convicted in Sussex county of manslaughter in the second degree, to two years' imprisonment at hard labor in the State prison, and further until the costs of the trial are paid. The prisoner received his sentence with the same stoild indifference that has characterized him throughout the trial. At no time, even when his life seemed in the most imminent peril from the crushing character of the facts presented against him, did he falter in the least, but from first to last exhibited a hardihood and self-possession that never was exceeded by any criminal arraigned at the bar of justice.—*Newark Mercury.*

U. S. PATENT OFFICE.—The following patents were issued to Pennsylvanians, for week ending December 11th, 1860:—To D. B. Bartholomew, of Lancaster, Pa., for improved arrangement of devices in sewing machines; Theodore Briggs, of Philadelphia, Pa., for improvement in explosive harpoons; John F. Lesseller, of Greensburg, Pa., for improvement in water elevators and conveyors. Jacob Mowry and Eli Deppen, of Wolmesdorff, Pa., for improvement in corn-planters. *Re-issue*—Jas. F. Johnston, of Allegheny, Pa., for improvement in corn shellers. *Additional Improvement*—Thomas G. Chase, of Philadelphia, Pa., for improvement in rendering fabrics incorrodible.

A TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE.—The liquid of the blood is bloodless, and its real appearance is due to the presence of innumerable little bodies floating in it, which are so small that three millions of them are contained in a drop which may be suspended on the point of a needle. These corpuscles are sacs filled with a compound substance, and it has been ascertained that both the film of the sac and its contents are composed of. Each one of these little bodies has its own life. They are formed, and grow, and die; and it is calculated that nearly twenty millions perish at every pulsation of the heart.

WHAT A PARADISE FOR BACHELORS!—The La Crosse (Wisconsin) Democrat, says:—There are in this city two hundred and eleven marriageable girls—sweet, beautiful and accomplished. To capture these fairies, there are in all, one hundred and twenty young beaus, forty-two of whom don't care for girls; thirty-seven the girls don't care for; fifteen who are too busy making money to marry, and the balance are engaged. What a harvest of honey, kisses and goodness to have waiting the angelic license—gold ring and minister.

THE EX-KING OF NAPLES is by no means a pauper, notwithstanding the loss of his dominions. His treasure has been conveyed to Paris. According to the reports it is wholly in silver—nine millions of silver ducats—which have been sleeping in peace, some of them since the days of Massaniello. They are arriving by the railway, consigned to Serre, to be changed into gold. The rate of silver is so high that the changer expects to realize a sum of £25,000 by the exchange.

CONSUMPTION OF TOBACCO IN FRANCE.—Some idea may be formed of the immense consumption of tobacco in France, from an advertisement that the Minister of Finance will, on the 16th of February next, receive tenders for the supply of 9,000,000 kilogrammes, (9,000 tuns) of foreign tobacco in leaf, exclusively for the imperial manufactories at Bordeaux, Havre and Marseilles; 3,000,000 of the above quantity being Virginia, 4,500,000 Kentucky, and 1,500,000 Maryland tobacco.

THE BLUE COCKADE WORN BY NEGROES.—We learn from the Southerner, a paper published at Bolivar, Tennessee, that the negroes of A. S. Coleman, Esq., of that place, created quite a sensation in that town, a few days ago, by appearing on the streets with blue cockades upon their hats. It learns from Mr. Coleman that they requested the privilege of wearing them, as they said, to show their contempt for the Abolitionists, and their love for their native South.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.—On ordinary State occasions, the Lord Mayor of London wears a black silk robe, richly embroidered, and his collar and jewel; in the Civic Courts, a violet silk robe, furred and bordered with black velvet. The wearing of the various robes was fixed by regulations, dated 1562. The present authority for the costumes is a printed pamphlet, dated 1789.

SERIOUS STABBING AFFRA

ARMY AND NAVY.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.—The United States brig-of-war Dolphin, as announced by telegraph, arrived at Norfolk on Sunday, from the coast of Brazil. The Dolphin is the last vessel of the Paraguay Expedition to go out of commission. She left Norfolk in the winter of 1858, and in a week after joined Commodore Shubrick's fleet in La Plata, where she has spent the greater part of her cruise. Her service in South America was not characterized by any extraordinary circumstance. When the St. Lawrence returned to the United States she had the wide flag of the squadron, which was subsequently turned over to the Congress. The Dolphin is the smallest vessel in the regular navy, being only 224 tons burden, and carrying four guns. She will probably be retained in service condition until political matters begin to look brighter. Her commander, Chas. Steedman, may be superseded, in deference to his South Carolinian origin. He is known to be a Union man, however, and no one expects that he will resign. There are about one hundred men on board the Dolphin. Her officers are as follows: Commander C. H. Steedman; Lieuts. L. Pauiding, E. P. Williams and C. W. Piper; Passed Assistant Surgeon John Y. Taylor.

The United States steamer Mohawk was at Key West on the 11th instant, to sail in three days for Cuba. The Wyandotte has arrived at Pensacola, where the Crusader is also, thus showing the quiet concentration of manned naval vessels near Southern ports. The Brooklyn and Dolphin at Norfolk, and the Crusader and Wyandotte at Pensacola—all in active service condition, with crews attached.

RESIGNATIONS FROM THE ARMY AND NAVY.—Captain John Dunnovant, of the United States army, has forwarded his resignation to the President, which is to take immediate effect.

The Charleston Mercury states that Capt. D. N. Ingraham, of the United States navy, has written to the Secretary of the Navy for permission to return home. His intention is to come to his native State (South Carolina) as soon as his place can be supplied. His two sons will also return with him from the navy If the State acts as soon as is expected, he writes to say that he will apply to the flag officer of the Mediterranean station for leave of absence.

Colonel Myers, Assistant Quartermaster-General of the United States army, stationed in New Orleans, immediately on learning of the secession of his native State, sent on his resignation to the Secretary of War, and after handing over the money and property of the Government, to a competent person, will proceed to South Carolina to offer his services to that State.

RESULT OF A COURT MARTIAL.—Lieutenant Charles H. Ogle, of the First Dragoons, U. S. A., having been found guilty of neglect of duty to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, by a court martial recently held at Carlisle barracks, Pa., has been sentenced to be suspended from rank and command for six months, and to forfeit his pay proper, and be confined to the limits of his post—Fort Crook, California—for the same period.

CHANGES IN THE ARMY.—Since the 2d of July last, the following changes have occurred in the army: One medical officer, six cavalry officers, one riflemen officer, six artillery officers and fifteen infantry officers were promoted; two officers resigned, three died, and one, the delinquent Lieutenant Drysdale, was dropped.

SOUTH CAROLINIANS IN "THE SERVICE."—There are in the U. S. Army the following South Carolinians:—4 majors, 1 brevet major, 1 brevet colonel, 11 captains, 8 first lieutenan's, 3 second lieutenants. In the Navy there are 3 captains, 6 commanders, 13 lieutenants, 2 surgeons, 1 purser, 3 masters, 4 midshipmen and 1 engineer.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.—*Washington, Dec.* 26.—Captain Ingraham, of South Carolina, in command of the sloop-of-war Richmond of the Mediterranean Squadron, has asked and obtained leave to return home.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, January 2, 1861.

TERMS:

ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR TO SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS.

Club of Six for	$5 00
Club of Thirteen,	10 00
Club of Twenty, and one to getter up of Club,	15 00
Club of One Hundred,	75 00

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To any Post-office in Pennsylvania, 13 cents per year.

To any Post-office out of Pennsylvania, 26 cents per year.

To any Post-office in any of the British Provinces, 26 cents per year, payable at this office at the time of subscription.

To any Post-office out of the United States, other than the British Provinces, the postage is two cents per number of the paper, or one dollar and four cents per year, payable at this office at the time of subscribing.

Advertisements

Of four lines or less, will be inserted in the Dollar Newspaper once for one dollar, and twenty-five cents per line for each additional line, and twenty-five cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"HAPPINESS," by Harriet M. Beam, is welcome, and shall early find a place.

"TRUE AND FALSE," verses by C. H. C., are accepted, and directions given to have the accompanying request complied with.

"JUDGE NOT," by E., is under consideration.

"MY COUNTRY" and "A SONG FOR THE SOUTH" will hardly do to print.

"OLD AGE LIKE WINTER," by D. K., we have filed for early publication.

☞ A subscriber to the "Dollar Newspaper" at Mount Joy, Penn., complains that he has to pay 26, instead of 13 cents postage per year, quarterly in advance, as directed by law. Any greater sum than 13 cents per year for any weekly paper published in the State, demanded by any Postmaster in Pennsylvania is excessive and contrary to law.

"THE OLD MAN'S DREAM," by A. H. F., we shall endeavor to find room for soon.

"THE NEW YEAR'S NIGHT DREAM" is very respectfully declined.

"THY SISTER JERSEY" will not do to print.

"THE CARRIER BOY'S DREAM" is under consideration.

A NEW VOLUME.

We this week commence the nineteenth volume of "THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER." Our prospectus, in another part of this paper and for the last two or three weeks before the country, speaks our purpose in the future, and for so much of it as is new, we can only point to the past for assurance that it will all, as far as possible, be fulfilled.

We mean to make a good family newspaper at the lowest possible cash price, and one as much better the coming year than we have ever yet made in the past, as our increased experience in the business may have given us increased ability. Of one thing we feel sure, no reader of the "Newspaper" can say it has ever been worth less than its cost; and, another thing we would say, but that modesty almost stays our pen, and that is, that no paper in this country is better worth its subscription price.

As we have fallen upon more troublous times than ever before, so is it more important that every family should have the privilege of reading the "Newspaper." It may be the means, in the timely information of some particular fact or thing, of saving and realizing ten times its cost. Subscribe then at once for the "Newspaper."

"LINDEN HALL."

BY M. A. EDWARDS.

THE LAST OF OUR PRIZE SERIES.

In the present number of "THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER" we commence the publication of our fifth and last Prize Story of the series, "LINDEN HALL." Where five prizes are to be awarded, and five stories of nearly equal merit are found in competition, it becomes a nice question for a committee to decide between them. Some one must, of necessity, be the last on the list. But, though "Linden Hall" has been assigned that position, we feel assured that many of our readers will pronounce it "not least" in point of merit.

This is not a sensation story. It is not one of those productions which will gratify the vitiated appetite of the seeker after the horrible, the marvellous, or the improbable. There is not a character in it whose counterpart could not be found in every-day life. It is, in every sense, a polite novel; such a book as is ever welcomed in every family, as it can be read by all, old and young, with pleasure and profit.

The plot is a good one, and so well handled that the interest is kept up, and the denouement concealed, until the end of the story. The dialogues are sparkling and refined—the characters artistically painted, those of the three prominent females especially—and through the whole runs a vein of morality and rigid virtue, which is calculated to make the reader wiser and better, while, at the same time, he is agreeably entertained by the story.

The picture of boarding-school life in the opening pages is an exquisite one. The friendships contracted—the follies enacted—the various shades of character developed—all so truthfully and naturally given, will no doubt be familiar to many of our lady readers, and perhaps awaken pleasant memories of the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears, the loves and disappointments of girlhood.

The development of the plot is made to turn upon a crime committed years before the opening of the story, the sickening details of which are not enacted before the eye of the reader; but the result, the consequences, affecting the after-life of the perpetrator, and the influence of that crime upon the fortunes of all connected with it, the author has wrought out with a truth and vividness which cannot fail to impart a useful lesson to all who may be tempted to leave the beaten track of virtue for the devious windings of dissimulation and crime.

We have no hesitation in saying that those who will start with the opening of this story, and follow the fortunes of the heroine and her school companions, from the boarding-school at "Linden Hall," out into the world and through their varying lives, will agree with us that it is a remarkable tale, high in tone, vigorous in thought, in sentiment unimpeachable, and giving evidence in almost every line that it is the work of a powerful and accomplished writer.

With this introduction, gentle reader, it is respectfully placed before you. Pronounce upon it—your decision we fear not.

THE NEW YEAR.

Before this sheet comes to the hands of our country friends, the old year will have closed and its successor commenced its course; still we wish them a happy New Year. May it graciously smile upon them in every way that constitutes genuine prosperity. The year that is closing has been, and, up to the present time, is marked by peculiar trials and dangers to our country, in the shadows of which we are yet walking. Providence has continued to smile upon this land as upon no other; all the elements that are set down as making the basis of a solid progress were in rich profusion; and, as there was neither war nor pestilence, nor other calamity to mar them, they made a very marvel of national achievement. And yet the recipients of all this planted a thorn in their midst. The source of our prosperity, if analyzed, presents, in detail, varied and conflicting elements, but not more various or more conflicting than they were seventy-five or eighty years ago; and yet, because of a want of a spirit that then brought them together and harmonized them, there are wrinkled brows, defiant words, commercial interdicts, unworthy taunts, and as unworthy threats. Two of the great divisions of our land—the North and the South—have busy agents of discord, who, instead of burnishing the chain that once formed so noble a bond of country, would readily snap it asunder. This makes the impending danger. But thanks to the better sense of the conservative many, comprising the reasoning portion of the people in the several sections of the country, the bonds of union are not yet entirely riven, though the attempt is begun, and the terrible consummation, at least so far as South Carolina is concerned, much to be feared. A way has been found, thus far, to ward off the threatening bolts from every angry cloud, as Franklin found a way to draw the lightning harmlessly from the clouds. Never so much as now, however, has the cloud been allowed to grow to such fearful proportions; indeed it seems almost too much for our political Franklins.

The mass of the people, occupied in their several fields of labor, and intent on the riches they were gathering into their granaries, did not observe the dark spot in the horizon, no bigger than a man's hand; and so it grew larger and larger until the black shadow on the very fields they were working compelled them to look at it as it was, learn the cause, and seek out a remedy. May the Great Disposer of events grant that they may not have aroused themselves too late. All through the North is seen a great uprising of the patriotism, the intelligence, the good sense of the people, irrespective of party; and it is conveying the proof that the busy agents of discord do not represent the heart of the people; that this beats with steady pulse for the old love of country; that the fraternal spirit will be successfully evoked; and that the same remedy will be found as efficacious in the present crisis as it proved in all previous trials. This is the bow of promise that spans the angry cloud—may each succeeding day show its increasing brightness.

Let us begin the New Year, then, in the faith that unity is still in store for our country; not the impossible unity of an attempt by a superior power to keep an inferior in subjection; not the Utopia of a conquered Union, but the continuance of a Union between ever multiplying sovereign States; co-equal in their rights and privileges and obligations. With such a Union, and without war or famine, the tidal flow of our prosperity must be uninterrupted and its results incalculable.

With the evidence before us of progress in railroads, in steam navigation, in manufactures, and the mechanic arts, in the production of the useful and the precious metals, in mining, in the opening of new marts for the disposal of the products of our amazing industry and enterprise, in a knowledge of the use of the elements of nature—the prediction may be safely made that the immediate future has in store still richer prosperity. Our country is rapidly accumulating capital—this is power; and every day this adds to the ability to make use of our natural resources. War abroad may prevent the full development of the agents of civilization; but as commercial ties multiply, the curse of war must diminish; but whether there be peace or war among all the rest of the world, with peace and good will among the States of this confederacy, there will be an exhibition of prosperity such as the wildest dreamer among our fathers never imagined.

On cheerful New Year's Day, when affection multiplies its heir-looms, let us be hopeful as to public affairs, and dwell on their bright side as fit companions to the joyous train of good wishes and love tokens. There must ever be trials and difficulties with which to grapple; and it is these which develope and strengthen character; but let us keep to the faith that our goodly land is not destined to go down to the dark valley, but that it is marked out by Providence to be the guide to the race to the better political way and a benefactor to man. We again are happy to greet our friends on a New Year! and acknowledge their ever ready cheer and substantial encouragement. We owe thanks to those who are constantly, by their kind words and substantial efforts, making our labor light while they widen our field of usefulness. To all we extend the compliments of the day—a Happy New Year.

DIPTHERIA.

As this disease prevails to an alarming extent throughout the country, the following remedy, recommended by an eminent physician, may be found worth trying: "Diptheria, in its early stages," says the writer, "may be recognized by any person of ordinary capacity by two marked symptoms: the sensation of a bone or hard substance in the throat, rendering swallowing difficult and painful; and a marked fœtor, or unpleasant smell, of the breath, the result of its putrefactive tendency. On the appearance of these symptoms, if the patient is old enough to do so, give a piece of gum-camphor of the size of a marrow-fat pea, and let it be retained in the mouth, swallowing slowly the saliva charged with it until it is all gone. In an hour or so give another, and at the end of another hour a third; a fourth will not usually be required, but if the pain and unpleasant breath are not relieved, it may be used two or three times more, at a little longer intervals, say two hours. If the child is young, powder the camphor, which can easily be done by adding a drop or two of spirits of alcohol to it, and mix it with an equal quantity of powdered loaf sugar, or better, powdered rock candy, and blow it through a quill or tube into into its throat, depressing the tongue with the heft of a spoon. Two or three applications will relieve. Some recommend powdered aloes or pellitory with the camphor, but observation and experience have satisfied us, that the camphor is sufficient alone. It acts probably by its virtue as a diffusible stimulant, and antiseptic qualities."

AMUSEMENTS.

The *Academy of Music* has at last been successful y opened to dramatic performances. Wheatley & Clarke, by the engagement of Miss Cushman, have clearly demonstrated the facts that dramatic representations may be rendered to the satisfaction of the audience, and that good performances will be supported there. During the past week, Miss Cushman five times played "Meg Merriles," to large and enthusiastic audiences. The success is beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. The company is "fair to middling," and the piece is generally fairly rendered, John Gilbert doing the part of "Abel Sampson" better than we have ever before seen it played. The feature of attraction, however, is Miss Cushman's "Meg Merriles." Her performance of the part has been so often criticised, and almost universally with warmest commendation, that, taken in connection with the fact that she draws fuller houses in the part than any other ever did, it is fair to assume that she is more nearly perfect in the rendering than any other essaying the same role. The character is truly revolting, and such as the more refined in real life would rather avoid than witness; aside from this, Miss Cushman's personation of the old Gipsy, is, as an artistic effort, the most intense and commanding that we have ever witnessed upon the stage. While many may say they are not pleased with the character, none can in truth say that Miss Cushman fails in rendering it terribly real. She forces attention and makes the most careless forget the woman and to feel that the old, half-crazed, impulsive original of Scott's creation is really present in full life. And this, after all, is the truest and best test of acting. On the occasion of her benefit, on Friday night, the Academy was very crowded, many attending to see the beneficiaire in the comedy of "Simpson & Co.," played after the drama. In this she was as far superior to other performers in the same character as in her "Meg Merrilies" she is above all rivalry. Her "Susan Simpson" was the jealous wife to perfection. Little, imaginary neglects are so cultivated and encouraged, that, soon expanding, she believes herself really the injured woman and the husband the monster her imagination has painted. Her morose bearing, her shrugs, her taunts, are all so to the life as to take irresistible hold of the attention. The play is lost in the sense of reality that pervades both stage and audience. Miss Cushman continues her engagement through this week in conjunction with Mr. Booth, when may be expected unusual attraction, and, naturally, even larger audiences.

At the *Walnut Street Theatre*, "Upper Ten and Lower Twenty," and "An Irishman's Heart," have attracted fine houses all the past week—Mr. DeWalden, the author, playing prominent parts in both pieces. On Monday evening, Professor Anderson, the well known Wizard of the North, played "Rob Roy," in a very strong cast, and to one of the finest audiences of the season.

At the *Arch Street Theatre*, the pantomime of "Kim-ka, or The Lily of Pekin," is performed every evening in connection with legitimate comedy and spectacle. The Great feature in the management of the Arch is variety. Something new and attractive is presented almost every night.

At the *Continental Theatre*, Whitby's Great Show and Circus is creating quite a sensation among the little folks, and since the commencement of the holiday season, the management has garnered a huge harvest. Day performances are given every Wednesday and every Saturday at 2½ P. M.

At *McDonough's Olympic*, "The Hidden Hand," and "The Forty Thieves," have drawn good houses for a week past, and this week the attraction is to be increased by Miss Julia Mellville as "Bob Nettles." The performances announced for the week are such as cannot fail to please, being admirably suited to a season of festivity. On Friday evening Mr. McDonough announces "Virginius" for his benefit. His many admirers and personal friends will remember him on the occasion.

Sanford's Eleventh Street Opera House has been unusually crowded during the holidays, his new pantomime having been an entire success. What has proved so satisfactory in the past will be continued, with additional attraction.

Van Amburgh & Co.'s Zoological Exhibition is now fairly established in its new quarters on Chesnut street, next door above the Custom House. Here is a show of undisputed merit, and one that may be visited by both sexes of all ages, with profit. The collection of animals is large, and many in it are exceedingly rare.

Gen. Tom Thumb continues his levees, day and evening, at the Assembly Building. Besides the General's own doings, there are other attractions at his entertainments of a pleasing character.

Birch and Sharpley have several capital performers in their company now performing in the Commonwealth Building on Chesnut street. They are attracting large audiences.

The Operatic Matinee, at the Academy, by the Colson Troupe, on Saturday afternoon, was an entire success—the house was full.

LITERARY RECORD.

Coins, Medals and Seals, Ancient and Modern. Edited by W. C. Prime. Harpers: New York. Petersons: Philadelphia.

We have here, in a beautifully issued volume, on fine paper, an enumeration, description and illustration of the coins of the world, accompanied with a sketch of the history of coins and coinage, instructions for young collectors, tables of comparative rarity, price lists of English and American coins, medals, tokens, etc. It is a work of much value to merchants and bullion dealers, and of great interest to all.

The Children's Picture Book of Birds. Harpers: New York. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This is one of the most interesting, instructive and best illustrated of the gift-books of the season. It contains sixty-one engravings, with much useful information in reference to the whole feathered tribe. We can scarcely imagine a more acceptable present for children.

The Odyssey of Homer. By Theodore A. Buckley, B. A. New York: Harpers. Philadelphia: Petersons.

In addition to the Odyssey of Homer, we have in this volume Hymns, Epigrams and Battle of the Frogs and Mice—the whole being literally translated with explanatory notes.

Up the River. Harpers: New York. Petersons: Philadelphia.

This is another, and the fifth of the series of "Rainbow and Lucky" Stories, and which have thus far been found to possess so much interest for young readers.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Monday, Dec. 31, 1860.

Nothing is talked of this afternoon but the exciting news from Charleston. The seizure of Castle Pinckney and Fort Moultrie, by the secessionists, as reported up to this hour, is considered the first "overt act" by the Revolutionists, and the utmost anxiety is expressed on all hands, as to what steps the Government will see fit to pursue, in the premises. The position of her husband, and it is said she goes The feeling created in the public mind by these occurrences, is one of the deepest despondency. The general desire is making up their minds that civil war is unavoidable, and that with the failure of every attempt at compromise and reconciliation, by the Select Committees of the Senate and House, an appeal to the sword cannot be prevented.

The language of some of our city journals on the subject of the most inflammatory character. The Tribune, speaking for the extreme Republicans, is insolent and unyielding, while the Day Book, a pro-Southern journal, in a double-leaded editorial, calls upon the people of the city to form themselves into clubs of Minute Men, as an offset to the now said to be active military organization of the Wide awakes.

In the United States Court, last week, Judge Smalley granted an injunction on application from counsel for the government, against the banking firms of Thompson & Brothers, and Clark, Dodge & Co., also, against Richard Scheli, Goddard Bailey, and Russell, Majors & Waddell, restraining them from parting with any of the recently stolen Indian Trust Bonds, which may be in their possession.

Trade of all descriptions is growing duller and duller. The retail dealers especially are loud in their complaints, and not a few of them are seriously thinking of closing their stores after the holidays, to save gas, clerk hire, etc. The wholesale produce markets are buoyant and firm under the favorable complexion of the European advices, but everything is flat.

The following is a comparative statement of the Imports of Foreign Dry Goods at the Port of New York for the week and since January 1st:—

	1860.	1859.
FOR THE WEEK.		
Entered at the port,	$2,421,581	$2,937,224
Thrown on market,	2,264,369	2,605,478
	$1,890,381	643,336
SINCE JANUARY 1.		
Entered at the port,	$60,154,509	118,152,624
Thrown on market,	68,143,078	111,347,623
	101,944,463	97,332,422

On Wednesday last, in the Oyer and Terminer, a number of prisoners were brought up to receive their doom. Franz Hoffman, a German, was sent to the State's Prison for life, for the wilful murder of Mrs. Schomaker and infant, at Harlem; Mortimer Shay, convicted of the murder of John Leary, by stabbing him with a knife, State Prison for life; Frederick Schactz, for killing Michael Kavanagh, State's Prison three years and nine months; Samuel Kimmestiel for purchasing flour from Henry Karpells, (280 bbls.) stolen from Hecker Bros., State's Prison for two years.

FLOUR.—The market for Western and State Flour is more active, owing to the favorable news from Europe. 9000 bbls. were sold, at $5 20a5 30 for superfine State and Western, $5 40a5 60 for extra State, $5 50a5 70 for low grades of Western extra, and $5 70a5 75 for shipping brands of round-hoop extra Ohio. Southern Flour is in fair request, and prices are without material change. Rye Flour is steady at $3 25a4 50.

GRAIN.—The market for wheat is quiet, and prices have advanced; only small sales were made, at $1 17 a 1 22 for Chicago spring, $1 24 a 1 27 for Milwaukie club, $1 32 a 1 35 for red Western, and $1 50 for prime white Michigan. Rye is in limited supply, at 73 a 75 cents. Barley is quiet, at 70 cents. Corn is less active; 30,000 bushels were sold, at 68 a 70c. for mixed to good Western extra and 71 a 79c. for the better kinds. Oats are steady, at 57 a 38½c.

PROVISIONS.—The Pork market is steady at $15 50 a 16 00 for mess, and $11 a 12 50 for prime. The market for Beef is rather heavy, and 250 bbls. were sold at $8 a 9 for repacked, and $10 50 a 11 for prime. The market for Lard is firmer, 150 bbls. were sold at 10¼ a 10¾c. Butter and Cheese are unchanged.

WHISKY—Is in limited demand, and prices are steady.

THE ABANDONMENT OF FORT MOULTRIE.—*Washington, Dec.* 30.—The Charleston Courier, of Friday, received here, says that Major Anderson has achieved the unenviable distinction of opening a civil war between American citizens by an act of gross breach of faith, and that he has personally and grossly violated a solemn pledge given by his Government and accepted by South Carolina; and he had all possible assurance from South Carolina that his honor, and position, and duty, would be respected until a proper and open declaration of war.

The Courier, in giving the details of Anderson's movements, says that the evacuation of Fort Moultrie commenced a little after sundown on Wednesday. The men were ordered to hold themselves in readiness, with knapsacks packed; but up to the moment of leaving, they had no idea of an abandonment of the post being intended. They were reviewed on parade, and were then ordered on board of two schooners lying in the vicinity, taking with them all the necessaries, stores, etc. Several trips were made to Fort Sumter during the night, under cover of which a great part of the provisions and camp furniture was transported.

The greater portion of the labor expended on Fort Moultrie was upon the citadel or centre of the west point of the position. This Major Anderson had strengthened in every way. Loopholes were cut, and everything so arranged that in case a well concerted attack was made he would have retired from the outer bastions to the citadel, and afterwards blown up the other portions of the Fort. For this purpose mines had already been sprung, and trains laid ready for the application of the match. The barrack-rooms and every other part of the fort that was indefensible would have gone off at a touch.

On the ramparts of the Fort fronting Fort Sumter there were nine 8 inch columbiads, mounted on wooden carriages. As soon as the evacuation was complete these carriages were consumed by fire and the guns thereby dismounted. These guns, as well as these constituting the entire armament, were spiked before the Fort was abandoned. This is the only damage done to the fortification further than cutting down the flagstaff and breaking up of the ammunition wagons to form ramparts on the walls of the Fort

After giving other particulars, the Courier says: The confusion could not have been more complete had the late occupants retired in the face of a besieging foe. The entire place was littered up with the odds and ends and fragments of war's desolation. The spiked guns and those dismantled by the burning of the carriages will soon be in a position to respond to any hostile demonstration against the place.

POSTMASTER APPOINTED.—William A. Johnson has been appointed Postmaster at Oxford, Chester co., Penn., vice Ezra Kimball, resigned.

TELEGRAPH NEWS.

Thirty-Sixth Congress—Second Session.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.

SENATE.—The galleries were thronged to overflowing, and ladies gathered about the doors, in the lobbies and on the floor.

Mr. Powell, of Kentucky, reported from the Committee of Thirteen, that the committee had not been able to agree on any general plan of adjustment, and asked that the journal of the committee be printed.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, said that he wished to speak on the subject. Postponed till Wednesday.

Mr. Crittenden asked that the Senate set apart some day for the consideration of a joint resolution to be offered by him. Made the special order for Wednesday.

The special order was here taken up, being the bill for the admission of Kansas. It was postponed till Monday next.

Mr. Benjamin, of La., said that he had supposed that ere this we would have had official news of the position of South Carolina, and should therefore assume that we had that information. He said the South had repeatedly warned the North that they were driving them to a point that would result in separation, but the South had been sneered at and maligned. It was with no spirit of recrimination, but to perform his duty that he wished to call attention to a speech he had made four years ago predicting this result. He quoted from a speech made in May, 1856, in which he said that the time would come when the South would throw the sword into the scale with their rights. He said the sword, because he did not believe in peaceable secession. He said that the words which were uttered four years ago proved true to-day. Would to God that the fears of civil war then expressed may prove to be only fears; but, from what he had heard, it almost seemed as if the other side of the chamber desired civil war. South Carolina had declared herself separated. We, the members of the other States, stand here to support her or else to put her down. That is the real issue, and there is no use to disguise it. We are not permitted to ignore the fact that the determination is not confined to South Carolina, for next week Mississippi, Alabama and Florida will also separate, and the week after Georgia, a little later Louisiana, and soon Arkansas. Now, shall we recognize that South Carolina is an independent State, or coerce her by force? He argued that the people had the right to declare themselves free—an inherent and inalienable right. A Convention of the people duly assembled could repeal an ordinance passed by a former Convention, subject only to the modification of exercising a due regard to the compact made with others. South Carolina had, by her people, met in convention in 1860, repealed the ordinance made by the people met in Convention in 1783. He said that the Union was a compact, but a compact was not binding on one party unless the other parties also kept it; a compact broken by one is broken by all. But who was to judge if the compact was broken? If only a pecuniary matter, the Constitution provided a way to settle question, but if broken politically, the constitution provides no way.

Suppose that South Carolina should send two Senators, but the majority should refuse to receive but one; what power is there to compel the majority to repair the wrong? Suppose South Carolina then withdraws, who is to say that it was in violation of the Constitution, or revolutionary? Suppose, again, that the wrong perpetrated is not quite as clear to the North, but equally so to South Carolina. Suppose that she is denied access to the Territories; is she without a remedy under the Constitution? If none, then she must be the judge of the wrong and the mode of redress. He said that a sectional President had been elected, and could, with the aid of a sectional Senate, grant all benefits and appoint from one section all the officers, and thus ruin the South. Suppose South Carolina is mistaken in supposing that a wrong has been done her. Still that does not alter the issue, whether we attempt to permit her to withdraw or attempt to force her back. In reply to the Senator from Wisconsin, (Mr. Doolittle,) he claimed that a citizen was bound to obey the State Government. Senators say they will not coerce a State, but will enforce the laws against individuals. But how will you punish an individual in the State for treason? Where will you find the judge and jury when all his fellow citizens think he has done right? You cannot blockade a port without declaring war. You cannot embargo one port without closing the whole of them. He claimed that Congress or the President had no power to go into a State and enforce the law without the intervention of a civil power and some civil process, which must precede military force. He argued that revenue could not be collected by force. Such threats are only a pretext to cover up the real question, than which there is no other, whether we shall acknowledge the independence of a seceding State or reduce her to subjection by war.

He then closed with an appeal to the Republican Senators. He said they claimed the right under the Constitution to deny the rights of the South, to encourage the robbery of their property, to call them thieves and murderers, to deny them the right of transit and to accumulate a dangerous population. He besought them to let the parting be in peace. But if they could pervert the Constitution and undertake to subjugate the South, then, appealing to the Supreme Judge, we will meet the issue as best becomes freemen. He could not foretell the issue of so horrible a contest. The fortunes of war might be adverse to them, the Southern cities might be in flames—the horrors of insurrection might be added to those of civil war—but the North could never subjugate them, could never convert their free sons of toil to vassals, could never degrade them to a servile, inferior race. Never! never! [Applause from all parts of the galleries. Shouts and cries, waving of handkerchiefs and hurrahs, and great confusion and excitement throughout the whole house.]

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, as soon as his voice could be heard, moved that the galleries be instantly cleared. His motion was seconded by a number of voices, amid whistling and hisses in the galleries.

The President (Mr. Bright in the chair) ordered the Sergeant-at-Arms to clear the galleries. [Hisses.]

The motion to adjourn was negatived—yeas 13, nays 32.

Mr. Baker, of Oregon, got the floor, but yielded to a motion to adjourn till Wednesday.

HOUSE.—The Speaker laid before the House a communication from the late Secretary of War, explaining the reasons why he gave certain acceptances to Russell, Majors & Co., justifying his course in doing so, and inviting an investigation into all his official acts.

Referred to the Senate Committee on the abstraction of the Bonds.

Mr. McKean of New York, asked leave to offer the following:

Resolved, That the several States did not "ordain and establish" this Government; that it was made by the people of the United States "in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity;" that for such purpose the people withdrew from their several State Governments certain powers and vested them in the whole General Government, whose Constitution, laws and treaties are declared supreme law of the land," anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding; that we are not thirty-three nations, but one nation, made such by the Constitution, and known to the world as the American nation; that any nation has the right of self-preservation, the right to defend itself against enemies from without and traitors from within; that we believe this nation has the power to do so, and that it is its duty to exercise it.

Mr. Hooper, Delegate from Utah, presented a memorial from the people of that Territory praying to be admitted into the Union as a State. Referred to the Committee on Territories.

Mr. Pryor, of Virginia, offered the following:

Resolved, That any attempt to preserve the Union between the States of the Confederacy by force, would be impracticable, and destructive to republican liberty.

He demanded the previous question, which was ordered.

Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, moved that it lay on the table.

The question was taken on the motion to table the resolution When the name of Vallandigham was called, he said, "As this involves the direct question of coercion, I vote no."

The resolution was tabled—yeas 98, nays 55.

Resolutions touching the right of a State to secede, were offered by Mr. Davis of Indiana, Lovejoy of Illinois, and Holman of Indiana

Without coming to a conclusion on the subject, the House adjourned till Wednesday.

From Washington.

The Reported Appointment of General Scott as Secretary of War Unfounded—Postmaster General Holt acting as Secretary—Secretaries Thompson and Thomas still in the Cabinet.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—The report which prevailed throughout the city this afternoon, that Lieut. General Scott had been appointed Secretary of War *ad interim*, produced a thrilling effect, and occasioned much indignation among the secessionists, who are fully aware that General Scott is in favor of extensive military preparations.

The truth is, Postmaster General Holt is in temporary charge of the Department, and tonight was attending to the duties there, in company with the chief clerk. General Scott has not been at the Department or the President's house to-day.

Both Secretaries Thompson and Thomas were at the Cabinet meeting to-day, though rumor had declared otherwise.

Many reports prevail, with no truth for their foundation, and which serve only to add to the already intense excitement.

Mr. Bingham's bill, further to provide for the collection of the duty on imports, which was introduced in the House to-day, and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, looks to an increase of the President's power to enforce the revenue laws

From Harrisburg.

HARRISBURG, Dec. 31.—There is a strong antagonism to the appointment of Gen. Cameron to Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. Mr. Lincoln telegraphed to Alexander K. McClure to come to Springfield, which order Mr. McClure obeyed immediately. Mr. McClure is opposed to Cameron, and will meet the latter at Springfield. It is supposed that a violent rupture will ensue, which, it is believed, will end in the appointment of Wm. Dayton, of New Jersey, to a place in the Cabinet.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER KARNAK.—WRECK OF THE SLAVER AMERICA—FIVE HUNDRED SLAVES CARRIED TO CUBA.—*New York, Dec* 30. The ship America, Brown, was wrecked on Key Lobos on the 8th inst., with 500 slaves on board. The schr Lily went to her assistance, and landed the slaves on the Key. Captain Brown forcibly possessed himself of the Lily, compelling her captain to carry himself and three of his crew to Neuvitas and back. At Neuvitas a Spanish brig was procured, in which all the slaves were taken to Cuba. A lighthouse schooner, with troops, was sent to the wreck after the slaves were removed.

Preparations for War in Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

There is no disguising the fact that Massachusetts is ready to respond promptly to any demand made upon her for troops to sustain the Union and the laws. Seven thousand troops can be put in marching order on twenty-four hours' notice, and one hundred and forty-five thousand men are enrolled in the militia of the State. Of this number twenty thousand could be easily mustered. The financial resources of Massachusetts were never in better condition for such an emergency, and the people are enthusiastic to be enrolled.

Adjutant General Abbott, of New Hampshire, arrived at Boston on Saturday, from Washington, and left immediately for Concord, with the intention of recommending to Governor Goodwin that the Granite State be immediately put upon a war footing.

The feeling is deep and not to be misinterpreted. There is no mistaking the fact that Massachusetts is in earnest in this crisis. The merchants are plucky, and the name of Anderson is uppermost in every conversation.

The Republican paper at Harrisburg calls upon Governor Curtin and the Legislature of Pennsylvania, to appropriate a million of dollars to arming the State, in anticipation of civil war.

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Our money market is working easier. There is less demand on the street, the interior bills being almost wholly withdrawn. A moderate amount of really prime paper of short date is now placed at about 12 per cent., and call loans on approved collateral at 6a7 per cent. Currency and domestic exchange are also steadily improving. The rate on New York is again lower, ruling at ¼a¾. This is coming pretty well towards par, when the banks will find little difficulty in resuming specie payments. The payment of interest on City and other loans, on Wednesday, 2d inst., will tend still further to supply the market with currency. The only thing required to reduce the rate of interest on the street and to give money free circulation is a brightening of the future. Adjust political differences so as to preserve the Union, and we will see such activity in all departments of business as has not been experienced here in many years. But permit disunion and provoke civil war, and such disaster as will follow was never known.

At New York, the supply of first-class paper is said to be rapidly diminishing, and transactions are reported as low as 10 per cent. Foreign exchange is dull for to-day's steamer, but rates are steady. The top selling rate on London for round amounts is 104. Francs range from 5.55 to 5.37½. The domestic exchanges are rapidly improving, Baltimore is quoted 1¼ a 2 per cent. Philadelphia 1¼.

The Mint at this city is actively employed in the recoinage of the foreign gold now so freely coming into the country. On Monday, about a quarter of a million of dollars were sent over to New York, recoined, and on the same day $700,000 were sent from that city to the Mint. Mr. Snowden, the Director of the Mint, states that the coining capacity of the Mint is $7,500,000 per month, which can be increased by working over-hours to $10,000,000. Mr. Snowden expresses his intention to do everything in his power to expedite the coinage of the foreign gold deposited with him, and at the rate above indicated, the glut will soon be at end. This is so apparent, that the attempt to obtain action by Congress, making foreign coins a legal tender, has been abandoned.

The State Saving Fund of this city, owing to the pressure made upon it, has been obliged to go into liquidation. The assignee is Mr. Stephen Benton. The liabilities of this Company are not large, only about $70,000; and all, and the assets are of such a character as to create the belief that nearly or quite enough will be realized from them to pay in full. The assignment was determined on to prevent the judgments of the larger creditors from sacrificing the assets to the loss of the smaller creditors. Under the assignment all will fare alike, and it is hoped none suffer largely.

The Department of the Interior has advertised a caution to the public against purchasing the bonds recently abstracted from that Department, and also against the coupons on the same, falling due after January 1, 1861. The stolen bonds are those of Tennessee, Missouri, and North Carolina. It is doubtful whether the States named will respect this caution as to the payment of the coupons. The New York Times believes that they will pay them as presented, without question, and that they will do so on the principle established by the Government itself in like cases.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday, as corrected by D. M. ROBINSON & Co., Stock Brokers, No. 138 South Third street, Philadelphia:

	Par	Bid	Ask
U S 6s '62	100	..	98
U S 6s '67	100	..	..
U S 6s '68	100	..	..
Germant'n G	50	49¾	50¾
Richmond G	10	9¾	10
Moyamen G	10	9¾	10
Philada 6s	100	94¾	95¾
" R	100	94	94¾
" G Ln	100	94¾	94¾
" N Ln	100	95½	95

SIR WINTER.

BY JOSEPH BARBER.

The White Knight, Sir Winter,
His trumpet has blown,
And his Herald, mad Boreas,
The gauntlet has thrown.
From the North, mailed in crystal,
Behold him advance,
Snow feathers his hemlet,
Ice tips his keen lance.

A wondrous enchanter's
This knight of the North;
'Neath the hoofs of his charger
Pale waxes the earth;
And the turbulent waters
Are stilled by his breath,
And there falls on their clamor
The quiet of death.

Low wails the chafed forest,
And tosses its arms,
As if dreamily fighting
The Sorcerer's charms!
While the fresh-water oceans,
Far westward inshored,
Are with adamant bridged
At the wave of his sword!

The hills he transfigures—
This wonderful knight—
He gives them white mantles,
He plumes them with light;
And he decks grove and orchard
With gems bright and rare,
Struck out by his breath
From the mines of the air.

Sir Winter, white-bearded,
Small pity has he
For anything human
On land or or on sea;
On land he transfixes
The form thinly clad,
And the sea, when he smites it,
For victims runs mad.

But the Mighty Disposer,
Whom seasons obey,
Hath made Winter to Summer
What night is to day.
New strength gathers Nature
In icy repose,
And the germs of her glories
Are born of the snows!

THE FARMER.

[We will send the "Dollar Newspaper" gratuitously, for one year, to all who will become occasional contributors to this department of the paper. At the expiration of the year it will be discontinued unless our kindness is reciprocated.—Publisher.]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

Reinhold's New System of Green Manuring.

As there have been a number of articles from Doctors published in the "Newspaper," advocating the claims of this new system, as set forth in the "Farmers' Promotion Book," and but little notice taken of it apparently, I beg leave to give some information concerning the author, and the causes which led to the publication of it, since I happen to know something about them.

C. G. Reinhold, an *ex-professo* Doctor, came, some years ago, from Germany to Boalsburg, Pennsylvania, purchased a half acre lot, built a house upon it, and *hung out his shingle.* Finding in his profession, he commenced to collect old newspapers and pamphlets, from which to compile a Guide Book, which in all time to come should serve as a Polar Star to the poor benighted farmer. The book was published, and recommended by men who never read a page of it. They were, and are, his creditors, who signed, hoping to promote the sale of the book, and they thereby stand a chance to get their pay.

So much for the compiler and the manner of making up the book. Now let us consider what it is upon which he claims to be a "public benefactor." It professes to teach how to make sterile land productive with but little labor, and no expenditure of money, and consequently the owner rich without any effort to become so. If this be true, of course the claim is well founded—but we must "look before we leap." I contend the system is not *new* at all in the abstract. Farmers have always plowed down green vegetation. But the "New" about it is the recommendation to cultivate wild weeds, &c., instead of, or in addition to, clover, timothy, &c., as heretofore. The alleged necessity for this is, that it is too tedious and expensive to renovate land with stable manure, clover, &c. Here commences the line of divergence between Reinhold, *alii* "Pennsylvanian" and "Progressive," and the whole farming community. I propose now to examine some of their articles published during the last three or four months, and show the inconsistencies and absurd teachings of this book, which I consider entitled to as little credence as Gulliver's Travels or the Mormon Bible.

First, then: In your issue of May 16, speaking of green manuring, he says: "The best plants for this purpose are such as grow naturally or without sowing." As the correctness of this assertion is not demonstrated, it has no claims to our belief. Further on he says, to secure the full benefit of this weed system, "it is essential that a sufficiency of such plant-seeds be sown to have the ground well covered, and so in case of stubble fields, keep the soil clean and free from weeds." From this we are taught to sow weed-seeds just thick enough to keep the field "clean and free from weeds." This is my opinion exactly. Again he says this weed system "has, for the last twenty or thirty years been growing more and more in favor in the Eastern and Southern States." I think not, and defy any one to point out a single line in the Patent Office Reports, or an address, or report of committee, or agricultural paper, endorsing or recommending what constitutes this "New System" or the Book.

It is this preference for thistles, burdocks, mulleins, &c., that constitutes the *system* of the "Promotion Book," which I consider the flattest *humbug* extant. If a man is too poor to buy a few bushels of clover or timothy seed to start with, he is too poor to farm, and had better get at some other business, instead of going about gathering thistles and burdock to sow on his fields. If the system is in such extensive favor, why does he not name some counties, townships, or even persons, with which it is in vogue, but this is all carefully omitted.

In your issue of July 18, he says farmers have been plowing down turnips, &c. In fifty years of experience and observation I have never seen or heard of this being done, and do not believe it to have been the case. This alone is sufficient to show to any candid mind that the author did not understand what he was writing about. Land that will yield turnips is rich enough to produce any other crop that is commonly raised. But as a *cap* to the climax of his ignorance or credulity, he says, in the "Newspaper" of May 16, that farmers plow down buckwheat, rye, and oats for green manure.

Your correspondent, "C. C. G.," in issue of September 12, seems to have "smelt a rat," at least he did pretty well towards letting the "cat out of the bag." "Farmers guard your fields and your pockets," is signal and expressive. Perhaps I am too severe, but as the author claims to be a benefactor, "it cannot be considered unkind to examine and criticise the claims any one may make for such distinction." THETA.

Near Bellefonte, Pa., 1860.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BEES.

The readers of the "Newspaper" have been frequently counselled to keep bees. Not that a man with large capital could make no better investment, especially if inexperienced in bee-keeping, but that there are thousands of farmers and horticulturists who could make bee-keeping a co-ordinate branch of business to great advantage. When a man does not dip too deeply at first, gaining knowledge and confidence with experience, he will probably realize a greater per cent. on the capital he does invest in bees, than on that employed in any of the more common industrial pursuits. But it was not my intention to dwell on the profits of bee-keeping, but, taking it for granted that enough has already been given to the public under that head, to make a little talk about hives, boxes, bee-stands, bee-houses, &c., and perhaps say a word about the new Italian bee.

New patent bee-hives multiply. Did improvement keep pace with fertility of invention, one might hope that the perfect hive would soon be produced, if it had not already appeared. Unfortunately fancy and cupidity have prevailed over common-sense and honesty in the majority of cases. Having been repeatedly bitten, caution comes at last, if not knowledge, and many a man now avoids a patent hive as he would a serpent. The causes are sufficiently obvious. In all probability the old-fashioned box hive is best adapted to the wants of those who do not wish to make bee-keeping a study. In the latitude of Central New York it should be made of a size to contain about 2000 cubic inches. Twelve inches square by fourteen inches high, in the clear, makes a very good shape. Tall hives are liable to be blown over by high winds. In such, too, the bees have to travel farther to reach boxes placed on the top, while in the winter the honey is more inaccessible. Sticks should be placed crosswise about half-way from the top to the bottom to support the combs; and an inch hole should be made in the middle of the front. Some make notches in the front lower edge, but there is no great advantage in this, and on some accounts it is quite objectionable. If the hole in the side does not afford sufficient passage, the hive can be tipped back slightly so as to raise the front half an inch or so. Do not raise the hive all round, or you will make it difficult for the bees to get up. No doubt swarms sometimes go off in the summer because this simple thing is not attended to. The bees fall down, spread out on every side, and being unable to crawl up again, rise in the air and dart away to the woods. I would recommend that the top of the hive be rabbited around the edge, so that a wooden cover, made in the form of a box, will just fit into it, effectually excluding rain and light. This top should be large enough to hold four glass boxes six and a quarter inches square, and bored with holes to match those in the boxes. There should be two holes to each box, making eight in all. Bore all the hives and boxes according to one pattern, so that any box will fit any hive. As to finish, hives should be planed on the outside and painted, but the inside must be made rough if it is not so already. When old hives are used from which combs have been taken, the inside should be thoroughly scratched so as to enable the bees to adhere to it. A neglect of this point would probably occasion losses by flight in the summer. From certain reasons, I conclude that it is best to paint the hives intended to stand near one another different colors. The object of this is to prevent loss of queens. There is no doubt that every young queen issues from the hive a few days after being established at the head of a colony, to meet the drone in the air. She is quite frequently lost on this excursion. These losses are unquestionably most frequent where the hives of an apiary are crowded together, and where they present a uniform appearance in shape and color. The practical inference is simply this; if they were painted different colors, and set at liberal distances from one another these losses would be more rare. I have not mentioned the material out of which hives should be made. Probably good pine boards, an inch or an inch and a quarter thick are the most generally available and the best. Basswood is too much inclined to warp. Some use straw hives, and they seem to have some peculiar advantages. Bees in such hives almost invariably swarm earlier than those in hives of wood. But the advantage is counterbalanced in some degree by the greater cost of making. Some make a double hive of wood in such a way as to include a dead-air space, but I am not yet convinced that its superior advantages compensate for the extra cost. I shall make boxes, stands, &c., the subject of another article. J. W. Q.

St. Johnsville, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BREAKING STEERS.

Science, observation and adaptation of proper means to proper ends has done much, almost everything, to smooth off the rough, uncongenial features of labor. Science has taught us to send the monster ships swiftly over ocean and river by the power of steam, and the telegraph, the reaper, and iron plow, show how useful science can be made to assist the labors of man. Observation has taught us how much better and more useful is the delicate steel fork in all its varieties, the hoe, the axe, and almost every utensil than the old-fashioned, clumsy implement that bore the name once. Adaptation is philosophy working practically. Let us apply it to the subject before us. The ox is naturally docile and desires to be friendly, and will be, if we will let him. What is necessary to make him useful is to take him as he is, and do as we would with a new farm, or one that has become exhausted, that is, the first must be cleared, fenced and tilled properly, and the last must have means adapted to the ends desired. It must be *trained*. And so must steers. Let us tell the boys how to do it. Make them familiar with a barn-yard that has a fence so high and strong that it is impossible to leap or break it down. After they have become familiar with it, let the driver approach in a kind of how-do-ye-do manner, always observing to *feel* so too. Probably they will move away, and the driver should follow quietly the one he wishes to go on the off side. Now comes the tug of war. The steer, finding himself followed, will probably dash around and try to find some weak spot in the fence to get away. No matter, stick to him like the hound after the fox, but mind, never go faster than a walk, and *never show impatience.* After a while he will get quieter, when you can approach and begin to make motions with the whip very quietly. When he gets familiar with such treatment let the point of the whip touch his horn. Very likely he will think this an invasion of his "reserved rights." But never mind if he shakes his head and darts off, follow on and continue the motions till he begins to take notice of it, when it will do to begin to practice him. Tell him whoa, sir; be gentlemanly with him, and let the whip touch the top of his head, so that he can feel it. But don't say whoa all the time. Be quiet about it, as about the whole process. Having made him familiar with this first term, which is about as important in his education as the acquisition of the A B C's was to you, you can now proceed rapidly to teach him to haw, gee and back, but only one at a time, and be careful to repeat his first lessons often. "Practice makes perfect" but after an hour's lesson he will feel about as much fatigued as a young Miss does with her first music lesson, and you had better let him go awhile after patting him and calling him a good fellow. Then go through the same process with the other till you can handle both like a book. Let them go after commendation, and next day repeat, but shorter. Now perhaps you can bring one by the side of the other and drive both together, and when they will readily perform all the evolutions required, show them the yoke, and mind, don't attempt to put it on till they will stand quietly. Sometimes it will take many lessons to bring them to this point, but be *patient all the time more or less.* The breaking process is now practically done, and I will leave the subject with a couple of remarks. Never raise the voice above a round full tone, and always let it be about the same. In teaching steers to back a load, use the same inductive system. Commence with no load at all, on level ground, and be very quiet, or they will get a habit of dashing back forcibly, which is dangerous, and a bad quality in oxen. I saw a man crushed against a barn door, breaking door, man and all, which would never have happened if they had been broken by the process here described.

Oneida, 1860. ONEIDA.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

EVERGREEN TREES AND SHRUBS.—"Inquirer" wishes to know what are the neatest and prettiest small ornamental evergreen trees and shrubs for ornamenting a front yard or side-walk—and the form and color of their leaves and stems—and whether they retain or change their color during the winter—and whether the leaves, berries and sprouts of any such would, if eaten by children, poison them? I would inform him that the *Juniper* trees and shrubs are neat and pretty evergreens, and that there are various kinds, to wit:

English or Common Juniper.—This is a small, compact and handsome tree, which bears berries of a bluish color, useful as carminatives and stomachics, and for improving the flavor of the liquor called gin. It is a hardy and durable tree.

Chinese Juniper.—This is a small tree or shrub with spreading branches.

Irish Juniper.—This is a small, tapering, upright, compact and pretty little tree, hardy and durable.

Swedish Juniper.—This is a very hardy and beautiful conical and pyramidal small-sized tree with bluish green foliage. It seldom grows more than ten feet high unless when of great age. Its appearance is very pretty when trained in a narrow and compact pyramidal form by tying in its branches. And it stands the confined air of our towns very well, and its berries are also used in the manufacture of gin.

The leaves of all the above Junipers are green, but whether they be light-green, yellowish-green, bluish-green or dark-green, and how far they retain or change their color in winter I am unable to say, as I have obtained my knowledge of said trees and shrubs from books and nurserymen's catalogues which say nothing upon these points. Whether the leaves or sprouts of any of them are poisonous or not I am equally unable to say, but I presume they are more wholesome than otherwise. Still I would be pleased to hear of these things from those who have had these trees growing in their yards long enough to speak with certainty. Our *Arbor Vitæ*, both the American, the Chinese, and the Siberian, are very handsome trees, of a good deal larger size and so suitable for yards and grass-plots of ample space. The *Yew Tree* (Tascus) is also a very hardy and beautiful evergreen—very much used in England for ornamenting grave and church-yards—but its leaves, though its berries are harmless, are not only fetid but poisonous, inasmuch as they partake of the nature of the Fox-Glove plant, and so should not be planted where children can get them. The *Irish Yew* is said to be a splendid little ornamental tree, and would, therefore, be a great favorite were it not for the poisonous qualities of its leaves. It may be well enough to say here, in conclusion, that the *spring of the year* is considered the best time for planting evergreen trees and shrubs, and that a little expense and care in the planting of evergreens would add greatly to the beauty and attractiveness of our yards and gardens.

WEST BRANCH.

SHOTES.—*North Almond, N. Y.*—"J. W. S.," of Richmond, Ia., says he has several "shoats" (wrong: *shotes*) that are troubled with a cough, and asks a remedy. Give them a tablespoonful each of sulphur once a day for, say, three days. If it does not relieve the cough soon, get half a pound of *pirtusaria fagus*, otherwise called *lungwort*, a parasitic plant growing on the bodies of the beech and maple trees, half a pound of wild black cherry bark, and half a pound of sarsaparilla. Simmer these in clear water until you extract the strength, then give them each one gill, twice a day, of this for a few days. The latter prescription is the best remedy for incipient consumption and bronchitis in man that I have ever seen given, and does not cost a tithe of Ayer's and other remedies. W. H.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BEARDLESS BARLEY.

This is a new variety of grain lately introduced here. The first in this country came from one of the Danish East India colonies, in 1851. It is said to have come from the gulches of the Himalayan mountains in Asia. In most of the localities—in the United States and Canadas—where it has been introduced, it has proved well adapted, and is being cultivated to considerable extent. It is sown early in the spring and requires a moderately dry upland soil. The plant stools or tillers out a great many stalks from one root and is very productive, an ounce of grain having been known to produce over a peck. It weighs sixty pounds to the measured bushel, and appears to answer all the purposes of our common barley. As it is entirely free from beards or awns, and when threshed has no husk or chaff attached to the grain, but resembles wheat, it is much more pleasant to work with than common barley.

I obtained some of it three years ago, and have cultivated it each year since with great success. When it is in blossom it is the handsomest grain I ever saw. I believe, if ground and bolted, it would make nice barley flour and good cakes; but I have not had it tried yet.

December, 1860. BUCKEYE.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

SORGHUM.

The growing of Sorghum in this part of Indiana was, until last year, extensive, but owing to the difficulty of making good syrup and sugar of the cane, it has nearly passed into the long list of agricultural humbugs. This is wrong, for it is beyond a doubt that a superior syrup, and a nice quality of sugar can be manufactured from the Sorghum. The process by which the Sorghum was made into syrup previous to this year, was to cut the cane, haul it to a wooden mill, and by a one horse power, press out the juice of the cane, and then boil it in an iron kettle until it was of the consistency of syrup. Is it at all surprising that Sorghum manufactured in that way, would prove a failure? The raising of Sorghum has proved successful in this district to every farmer who has been engaged in its culture. The cane matures well, being fit for the mill before frost, and can be raised in abundance in this climate. There has been in this county (Owen) this year a superior article of syrup, as fine as new honey, and as thick as desired to be. Sugar has been made, so that we are safe in saying, that in a few years, at most, the North will be independent as far as sugar and molasses are concerned. Will some of the readers of the "Newspaper" that are posted in the manufacture of sugar, give the process by which it is best accomplished? I will close these remarks, necessarily imperfect, partly from the want of time, and partly from the want of a more perfect knowledge of the subject.

J. J. B., M. D.

Quincy, Ind., Dec. 17, 1860.

SCIENCE AND ART.

INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

THE INCLINOMETER.—This is an instrument for taking and adjusting the surface of slopes, railway gradients, the dip or rise of the bottom of water channels, and which is generally applicable to the execution of all levelling and sloping operations known in civil engineering. The instrument is constructed in the form of a parallelogram. The bottom parallel being placed upon any slope, the under parallel necessarily represents to the eye the precise amount and direction of that slope, more especially since direct means are taken to compare it with the true horizontal level. For measuring the amount of slope, an additional limb or parallel is hinged at one end to the top bar or parallel of the parallelogram. From the other or free end of this addition depends a plummet or pendulum, by a cord or wire passing vertically down the graduated front of an additional side bar or limb of the parallelogram, filed at right angles to the movable parallel or spar above. This movable limb being raised from the parallel position in which it reposes upon the upper bar of the inclinometer, to position perfectly horizontal according to the plummet, and, if necessary, filed in that position by a sector or quadrant with loose screw attached; the space intervening between the two top bars, as marked off on the graduated or vertical side, is the rate of slope sought to be ascertained.

VALUE OF WATER GLASS SOLUTIONS.—Carbonate of soda, or carbonate of potash, or certain proportions of both carbonate of soda and of potash, melted together with quartz sand or pounded quartz, forms a substance similar to glass; this compound, however, is, when in the shape of powder, soluble in clean boiling water, and from this property the substance has received the name water-glass. The best water-glass is that in which the carbonates and the quartz are so proportioned that the resulting water-glass does not dissolve in cold water, but dissolves in clean boiling water in the course of two or three hours. Solutions of the water-glass, properly diluted, and applied to wood and other substances, make them uninflammable, and wood, as regards decay, indestructible. In some parts of Europe, railway sleepers, after being well dried, either in the air or in a heated chamber, are immersed in a solution of sulphate of iron for some time, and afterwards repeatedly in a solution of water-glass, allowing them to dry well before each immersion. The silicum forms with the iron a new compound, insoluble in water, resisting the effects of damp, heat and time. Or, the sleepers may be steamed, then immersed in a solution of chloride of zinc, and afterwards treated with water glass in the same way.

SIZE OF CROSS TIES.—The insufficient bearing surface of railway sleepers, says the Railway Times, is better remedied by increasing the length of the sleepers than by multiplying them. The increased length gives more leverage to retain the track in level. This increased width of bearing surface is one of the advantages urged in favor of the broad guage road, because it gives less danger of inequality when there is a disturbance of the level of either rail. The greater the surface bearing outside the rail, the less likelihood there is for displacement of the ballast. In the narrow guage of four feet eight and a half inches, the cross ties should never be less than eight and a half feet in length, and it would be much better to have them nine feet. The general experience is in favor of the longer cross tie, uniform in size and uniform in distance from the centres. The width of the face as well as the length, must be regarded as important, because a large extent of bearing surface is necessary to prevent the rapid displacement of the ballast. Steadiness of the track exercises a very important influence in the decreasing of the annual per centum of expenses for repairs of machinery, and thus becomes of as much importance to the finances of the Company as it is to the comfort of the traveller. Another objection to short cross ties is the tendency to split or check; they often have to be taken out of the track from this cause before one quarter of their useful life has passed. On the English railways of average traffic, the sleepers are generally nine feet long, ten inches wide, and five inches deep, laid thirty-six inches from centres; upon railways having very heavy traffic, the sleepers are laid from three to six inches nearer. On some of the German roads, the sleepers are all worked and planed off smoothly to a certain size.

EDUCATION AMONG THE WORKING CLASSES IN THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND.—At a recent meeting at Wakefield, Mr. Dwight made an admirable speech on the education of the "great lowest class," in the course of which, while comparing the intelligence of the working class in America with that of the same class in England, he quotes from a letter received from Mr. Cobden, while the latter gentleman was in America, saying that twenty years ago the artisan class in the States was incomparably in advance of that of England, and that at the present day the difference is still more strikingly apparent. He then proceeds: "In that country (America) the people are instructed by an extensive and thoroughly worked common school system, to a degree infinitely beyond what the people of this country ever dreamt of. And, further, from some cause or other, which I suppose here we are not allowed to examine, they, this year, will spend upon their government, with the same number of people, thirty millions in each country, sixty millions sterling less than we shall spend." In continuation he goes on to say that England, besides being behind America only in the extensive use of machinery, has the advantage of greater wealth, and that it is curious, to say the least, that the new country should so much surpass the old in popular education, so important an element in a nation's welfare. Mr. Bright is a great advocate for popular education, and a great practical promoter of it. He is a sound, though free thinker, and his speeches disclose his frank and liberal views, and are full of useful and correct information given in an easy and graceful way.

DECOMPOSITION OF WATER.—It is well known that when water is passed over iron at a red heat, excluded from air, it is decomposed; oxide of iron is formed, and hydrogen gas is evolved, the purity of which depends on the kind of iron employed. Were the iron clean and pure, then pure hydrogen would be the result; but this very seldom occurs in practice, because, not only does the iron contain foreign ingredients, but it is soiled also by the hands and tools of the workmen in the factory from which it is procured, in the state of filings or turnings. Hence it is that the specific gravity of the gas which it yields is considerably beyond that of pure hydrogen, and the appearance of the flame is different. The light afforded is extremely faint. When water is passed over carbon, either as coke or charcoal, at a red heat, and excluded from air, decomposition ensues, and a gaseous fluid escapes, with regard to the nature of which there are different opinions. It has been supposed to be a mixture of a variety of gases, the principal of which is light hydro-carbon, better known as marsh gas, coal mine gas, and fire damp. Other experiments, however, prove that it does not contain hydro-carbon, or at most but a trifling quantity of it. From the results of various experiments which have been made, it appears pretty evident, that when water is brought into contact with iron and carbon at a red heat, in the same vessel, the gas evolved will be either hydrogen alone, provided the whole of the oxygen unites with the iron, or it will be a mixture of hydrogen, carbonic oxide, and carbonic acid, the proportions varying according to the surface of carbon and iron exposed, and to the facility with which the vapor of the water is brought into contact with the one or the other.

BOILER EXPLOSIONS.—Mr. Harman, chief inspector to the Manchester (Eng.) Engineer's Association, for the prevention of boiler explosions, gives it as his opinion, that there is no better construction than the cylindrical two-flued boiler, which is the one in most general use, but that it is undoubtedly subject to derangement from the effects of unequal expansion and contraction. An unequal strain is caused upon the end angle iron of the boiler from the flues being attached to the end plate so much below the centre—many fractures of the end plates immediately over the angle irons of the internal flues being found, caused principally by the end plates not yielding sufficiently to the elongation of the flues. Mr. H.'s opinion is, that if the plate be held too rigidly by gusset stays, something will have to give way to the inevitable strain from expansion; still the plan proposed of dispensing altogether with gusset and longitudinal stays, is by no means to be adopted. The entire omission of stays would be the opposite extreme, and they should not be abandoned without substituting something else.

UNDER THE MISLETOE.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

'Twas on a merry Christmas night,
A many years ago,
I saw my love with dancing sight,
As she came over the snow,
The elvished solly laughs above,
A sweeter red below!
When first I met with my true love,
Under the misletoe bough.

Bright-headed as the merry May dawn
She floated down the dance:
I thought some angel must have gone
Our human way by chance.
I held my hands, and caught my bliss,
Children I'll show you how!
And earth touched heaven in a kiss,
Under the misletoe bough.

Ere leaves were green we built our nest,
The March winds whistled wild;
But in our love we were so blest
Old Poverty he smiled.
And love the heart of Winter warmed,
Love blossomed 'neath the snow;
All fairy-land in blessings swarmed
Under the misletoe bough.

The storms of years have beat our bark,
That rocks at anchor now:
But she was smiling through the dark,
My angel at the prow.
And the brimming tides of love did bear
Us over the rocks below!
To-night, all safe in harbor here,
Under the misletoe bough.

May you, boys, win just such a wife;
Come drink the toast in wine!
And you, girls, may you light a life
As she hath brightened mine.
Dear was the bonny bride, and yet
I'm prouder of her now
Than on the merry, merry night we met,
Under the misletoe bough.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE STREETS OF PARIS.

PARIS, November, 1860.

The streets of every city and small village of Great Britain, and of all the countries of middle Europe, which we have seen, are, as compared with ours in America, faultless. They are always in excellent repair, and ever clean. But the perfection of city highways is in Paris. Those broad and beautiful avenues called Boulevards, which are now of many miles in extent, with new ones yearly forming, are usually 120 feet wide, and always macadamized in the carriage way. The sidewalks are 30 feet wide, of asphalt, put on in three distinct layers. A single row of trees is an essential feature on each sidewalk. No gutters appear. Those in the footways are covered with iron plates, having a slit for cleaning out, into which an appropriate tool fits. The street-way gutters, in many cases, are beneath the heavy and broad curb stones, and completely concealed. All street cleaning and repairing are done at night. When new macadamizing is put on, even to fill a small indentation, sand is put on and water, and it is stamped down till it is as smooth as the old part. When this is done to any extent, an immense roller is drawn over it by five horses, so that, in driving over the new repair next day, you do not notice it. Where macadamizing is not done, square blocks of stone form the pavement. Each kind has advantages and objections. The latter, in this moist clime, is a continuous strain on horses, and most of them break down in the knees and fore shoulders at an early age. One sees elegant horses driven (not a few) about, with permanent knee bandages of sightly fashions. The former kind of pavement is muddy when it rains, and if there be such a thing as dry weather here, it must then be dusty. On any approach of such weather the water sprinklers are out in force, and the French certainly do sprinkling in a different style from us. They seem to regulate the water with such nicety as to lay the dust, or rather to prevent dust from ever forming, without making mud by the process.

The cleaning of streets is not entrusted to one grand political contractor. Every few blocks are put in charge of some parties living in the ward, and they are required to keep every vestige of horse track out of sight. Garbage is only thrown out at night. In the morning it has disappeared. There are no smells in Paris. The drainage is perfect. Huge subterranean canals carry everything of sewerage into the Seine, not opposite the city, but many miles below. Under the head of sewerage, water-closets are not included. These and analogous matters will be mentioned in a separate letter; including a system of street accommodation for men who pass by the way, and for which it is wonderful that no provision is made in any American city. The subterranean sewers of Paris have ample footways, and can be traversed from one end to the other without inconvenience. They are kept in perfect condition. At proper intervals flat metallic covers are seen in the side-walks, which are man-way entrances to the canal below.

Under no small part of the central streets of Paris, the catacombs lie deep and beyond the ken of lot-holders above. Not to go into the history of these walls and avenues of human skulls, it may be mentioned that there are leagues and miles of street-ways down very far below the surface, which are laid out with cross-lanes and alleys in great complication, all lined with human skulls and bones. These used to be open to the public. They are now closed, under pretext of danger from occasional accidents. It is believed, however, that Government is arranging new and broad military avenues communicating with certain points above, to facilitate the ready conveyance of troops and their concentration at strategic centres, in case of future revolutions or seditious disturbances.

The most animated place in the world is the Boulevards. Their broad side-walks are always crowded, up to midnight, and the carriage-way is equally thronged. But few wagons or drays are seen—chiefly omnibuses, carriages and voitures. The whole avenue is lined with well-lighted shops, innumerable restaurants, with small tables and chairs on the pavement outside, and plenty of customers, of both sexes, thus publicly enjoying their wine and cigar. Theatres and shows of all kinds abound. Harmony and light-hearted pleasantry prevail always. Democratic ladies make their especial promenade; but this does not turn away or in the least affect other ladies; for, be it observed, persons of this class are not permitted to address themselves to any gentleman, on any excuse. The greatest decorum, therefore, is apparent. We will not compare the shops of these great avenues with those of Broadway, New York. They cannot make any such pretensions. Neither in Paris, London, nor in any of the great capitals of Europe, is there anything to compare with the shops of Broadway. Nor shall we admit their theatres to comparison. The acting, however, is always good. The French are born actors.

What are called Passages form a marked characteristic in the avenues of Paris. These are so numerous and so successful as thoroughfares, that they should be noted. They consist of arcades, running from one street to another, and their locality is generally chosen where, for want of a cross street in a very long block of buildings, a passage for footmen is wanted, and cannot help being used. On a rainy evening, we have made a distance of half a mile, almost entirely under cover, by turning into these arcades. They are all shops, and there is seldom one vacant. An immense retail business is done in them, and in wet times they are greatly crowded. Had the Chesnut street Arcade been on the level, as these always are, and had it run clear through, it would probably have succeeded.

On the Rue de Rivoli is an external arcade, in front of the whole line of buildings, for half a mile. This is simply a covered colonade. Besides looking well it supplies shelter from sun and rain, and is one of the most popular shopping places in Paris.

Chesnut street could be easily improved after this fashion; and it is the only way to save it from desertion by the fashionable multitude. The way the government of Paris would do this would be to declare, first, that it is necessary to public convenience. Then Commissioners would value, and the public would purchase the whole front. They would then tear down two stories of a certain height, and recede the fronts along the entire line, making columnar supports for the upper walls, which would give a continuous arcade on both sides. They would undoubtedly widen the driving way. This done, the property would be resold as wanted by the buyers. But the practical French way would be to take the whole of Chesnut street down and rebuild it. In our climate of extremes—our snows and sunshine—something of this kind would be well adapted. ANTHRAX.

COLLIERY EXPLOSION.

The Newport correspondent of the London Times states that the effects of the colliery explosion at Risca, near Newport, on Saturday morning, were more terrible than at first supposed, for instead of 120 persons having fallen victims, the probability is that at least 50 more are dead, and that the fearful roll will swell to at least 170 names. On Monday, about one hundred bodies had been brought up. One portion of the workings is now discovered to have fallen in, cutting off all communication with 60 or 70 persons beyond. To reach them will, it is feared, occupy a considerable time; but little or no expectation is entertained that one of the party will be discovered alive.

When the explosion occurred, above 200 men and boys were in the pit, of whom only about 30 have escaped. Operations are being continued with the utmost vigor. Even yet it would be premature to give currency to the statements made with reference to the cause of the catastrophe. The pit, however, was known to be subject to blowers of gas, and the managers were cautious in consequence. On Saturday week, one of the workmen was summoned for taking the key of a safety lamp into the pit, and it was deposed by the overman that two other men were detected with nails in their possession, intended, doubtless, to be used for opening the safety lamps to obtain lights for smoking. These things show the recklessness of the men, and point, probably, to the origin of the explosion. Such is the statement in the Times; but the Western Daily Press asserts that the number of deaths is not so large as was at first supposed. The Bristol Daily Post says:

"Among the colliers who descended on the fatal morning, were several young fellows who had become members of the Volunteer Rifle Corps, recently formed at Risca. Their intention was to come out early to attend drill. One who had taken his 'turn' in the night, met, on ascending at five in the morning, a collier who was unable to take his day 'turn,' who asked him to take it for him. He consented, pulled off his coat, which he had just put on, and was about to go down the pit, when he suddenly changed his mind, resumed his coat, and saved his life by going home. Amidst the crowd assembled at the mouth of the pit, awaiting the arrival of the dead, was a wife and a mother, who saw in the lifeless heap her husband and three sons. In one cottage, eight bodies are stretched on their biers. Some of the poor fellows who were in the midst of the fire were so disfigured that they cannot be identified, and their bodies have been conveyed from cottage to cottage, and we have been told that they are still unclaimed."

THE DEACON'S DILLEMMA;

OR, THE USE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Deacon Tilden had the squarest, neatest white house that ever showed its keen angles from the dusky clumps of old lilac bushes. In front of it stood, on each side of the doorway, two thrifty cherry trees, which bore a bushel each every season. Excepting the aforementioned lilac trees, there was not a flower or shrub round the place. Rose bushes the Deacon thought rotted his house, and the honeysuckle which his wife tried to train over the porch was torn down when the painters came, and, on the whole, the Deacon said, what was the use of putting it up so long as it did not bear anything?

By the side of the house was a thrifty, well-kept garden, with plenty of currant bushes, gooseberry bushes and quince trees—and the beets and carrots and onions were the pride of the Deacon's heart; but, as he proudly said, "everything was for use"—there was nothing fancy about it. His wife put in timorously one season for a flower border—Mrs. Jenkyns had given her a petunia, and Mrs. Simpkins had brought her a package of flower seeds from New York—and so a bed was laid out. But the thrifty Deacon soon found that the weeding of it took time that Mrs. Tilden might give to her dairy, or to making shirts and knitting stockings, and so it really troubled his conscience. The next spring he turned it into his corn field; and, when his wife mildly intimated her disappointment, said placidly, "After all 'twas a thing of no use, and took time"—and Mrs. Tilden, being a meek woman, and one of the kind of saints who always suppose themselves miserable sinners, specially confessed her sin of being inwardly vexed about the incident in her prayers that her eyes might be turned off from beholding vanity, and that she might be quickened in the way of minding her work.

The front parlor of the Deacon's house was the most frigid asylum of neatness that ever discouraged the eyes and heart of a visiter. The four blank walls were guiltless of any engraving or painting, or of any adornment but an ordinary wall paper and a framed copy of the Declaration of Independence. On each of the three sides stood four chairs—under the looking-glass was a shining mahogany table, with a large Bible, and a pair of cold, glistening brass andirons illustrated the fire-place. The mantelshelf above had a pair of bright brass candle-sticks with a pair of snuffers between—and that was all. The Deacon called it "neat and handy," and when he was gone on business—no nonsense about it—everything for *use* and nothing for show—it suited him. His wife sometimes sighed and looked round it, when she was sewing, as if she wanted something, and then sung in the good old psalm—

"From vanity turn off my eyes:
Let no corrupt design
Or covetous desires arise
While here at home I mine."

The corrupt design to which this estimable matron had been tempted had been the purchase of a pair of Parian flower vases, whose beauty had struck to her heart when she went with her butter and eggs to the neighboring city—but recollecting herself in time, she had resolutely shut her eyes to the allurement, and spent the money *usefully* in buying loaf sugar.

For it is to be said of this the Deacon was fond of good eating, and prided himself on the bounties of his wife's table. Few women knew better how to set one—and the snowy bread, golden butter, clear preserves and jellies, were themes of admiration at all the tea-tables in the land. The Deacon didn't mind a few cents in a pound more for a nicer ham, and would now and then bring in a brace of oysters from the city, when they were dearest. These were *comforts*, he said—one must stretch a point for the comfort of life.

The Deacon must not be mistaken for a tyrannical man or a bad husband. When he quietly put his wife's flower patch into his cornfield, he thought he had done her a service by curing her of an absurd notion for things that took time and made trouble, and were of no use; and she, dear soul, never had breathed a dissent to any course of his, loud enough to let him know she had one. He laughed in his sleeve often when he saw her so tranquilly knitting or shirt-making at those times she had been wont to give to her poor little contraband pleasures. As for the flower vases, they were repented of—and Mrs. Tilden put a handful of spring anemones into a cracked pitcher and set it on her kitchen table, till the Deacon tossed them out of the window—"he couldn't bear to see weeds growing round."

The poor little woman had a kind of chronic heart-sickness, like the pining of a teething child, but she never knew exactly what it was she wanted. If she were sick, no man could be kinder than the Deacon. He has been known to harness in all haste and rush to the neighboring town, at four o'clock in the morning, that he might bring her some delicacy she had a fancy for—for that he could see the use of; but he could not sympathize in her craving desire to see Power's Greek Slave, which was exhibiting in a neighboring town. "What did Christian people want of *stun* images?" he wanted to know. He thought the Scripture put that thing down—"Eyes have they, but they see not—ears have they, but they hear not—neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them: so is every one that trusteth in them." There was the Deacon's opinion of the arts; and Mrs. Tilden only sighed, and wished she could see it, that was all.

But it came to pass that the Deacon's eldest son went to live in New York, and from that time strange changes began to appear in the family that the Deacon didn't like; but as Jethro was a smart, driving lad, and making money at a great pace, he said first, and nothing. But on his mother's birthday, down he came, and brought a box for his mother, which being unpacked, contained a Parian statuette of Paul and Virginia—a lovely, simple little group as ever told its story in clay.

Everybody was soon standing round it in open-mouthed admiration, and poor Mrs. Tilden wiped her eyes more than once as she looked on it. It seemed a vision of beauty in the desolate neatness of the best room.

"Very pretty, my son," said the Deacon doubtfully—for like most fathers of spirited twenty-three year olders, he began to feel a little in awe of his son—"but, dear me, what a sight of money to give for a thing that after all is of no use!"

"I think so, too," said Jethro, looking at his mother's suffused eyes, "it is one of the most *useful* things that has been brought into the house this many a day."

"I don't see how you're going to make that out," said the Deacon, looking apprehensively at the young Wisdom that had risen in his household.

"What will you wager me, father, that I will prove out of your own mouth that this statuette is as useful as your cart and oxen?"

"I know you've got a great way of coming round folks, and twitching them up before they fairly know where they are; but I'll stan' you on this question, any way." And the Deacon put his yellow silk bandana over his bald head, and took up his position in the window seat.

"Well now, father, what is the use of your cart and oxen?"

"Why, I could not work the farm without them, and you'd all have nothing to eat, drink or wear."

"Well, and what is